

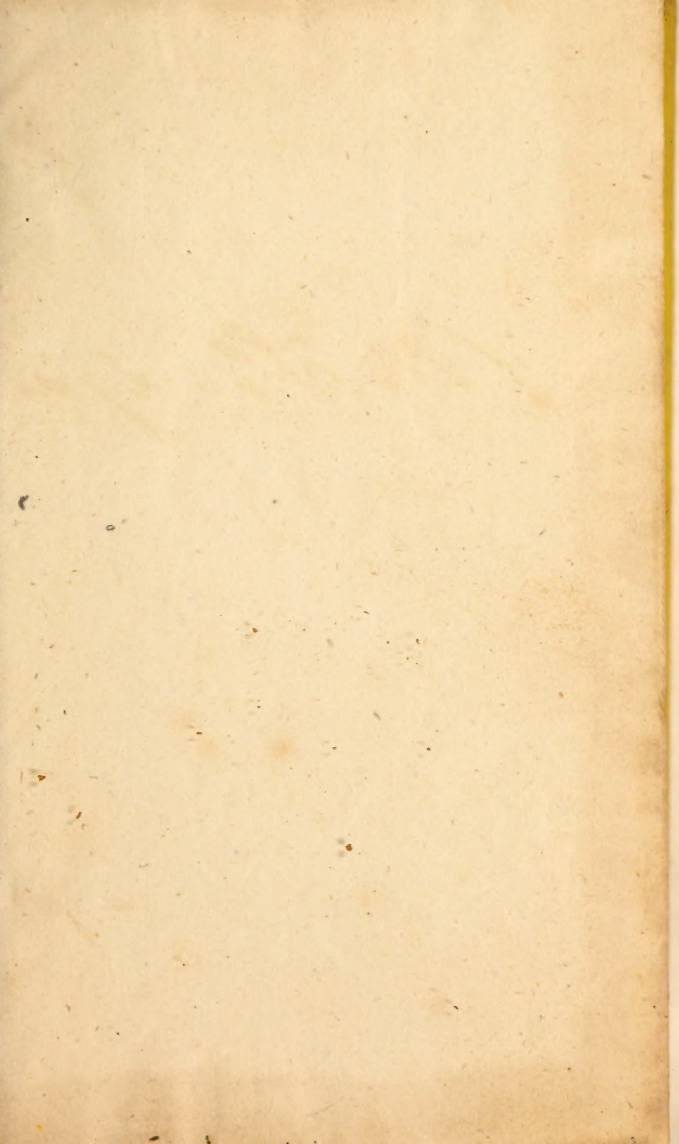



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THE

P S A L M S

OF

DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE

NEW TESTAMENT,

AND APPLIED TO THE

CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP.

BY I. WATTS, D.D.

TWENTY-THIRD EDITION.

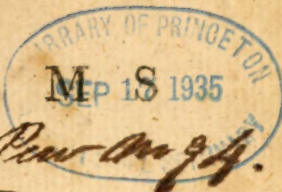
Luke xxiv. 44. All things must be fulfilled which were written in—the Psalms concerning me.

Heb. xi. 32. David, Samuel, and the Prophets. Ver. 40. That they without us should not be made perfect.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

1793.



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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

R E A D E R S

ON THE FOLLOWING HEADS.

Of the different Editions of this Book.

THE larger edition is prefaced with a discourse on the right way of fitting the Psalms of David for Christian worship, wherein a plain account is given of the author's general conduct in this imitation of the psalms, together with some evident and convincing arguments to support it. There are also particular notes added at the end of a great number of the psalms, which explain their evangelical sense, and shew the reason why they are either paraphrased or abridged in such a manner here.

At the request of many friends, the author has permitted this edition in a smaller form, to render it more portable and convenient for public worship: he therefore desires, and may reasonably demand this piece of justice of all his readers, that they will not

censure and condemn any part of this work, without a diligent perusal of the larger edition, wherein the preface and notes, in the judgment of many learned and pious men, have given a sufficient vindication of the whole performance.

Of the Use of this Psalm Book.

The chief design of this work was to improve psalmody or religious singing, and to encourage the frequent practice of it in public assemblies and private families with more honour and delight; yet the author hopes the reading of it may also entertain the parlour and the closet with devout pleasure and holy meditations. Therefore he would request his readers, at proper seasons, to peruse it through; and, among 340 sacred hymns, they may find out several that suit their own case and temper, or the circumstances of their families and friends; they may teach their children such as are proper for their age; and, by treasuring them up in their memory, they may be furnished with pious retirement, or may entertain their friends with holy melody.

Of choosing or finding the Psalm.

The perusal of the whole book will acquaint every reader with the author's method; and by consulting the index or table of contents at the end, he may find

find hymns very proper for many occasions of the Christian life and worship; though no copy of David's Psalter can provide for all, as I have shewn in the preface.

Or, if he remembers the first line of any psalm, the table of the first lines will direct where to find it.

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the psalms in order in churches or families, it may be done with profit, provided those psalms be omitted that refer to special occurrences of nations, churches, or single Christians.

Of naming the Psalms.

Let the number of the psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular metre, and particular part of it: As, for instance, Let us sing the 33d psalm, 2d part, common metre; or, Let us sing the 91st psalm, 1st part, beginning at the pause, or ending at the pause; or, Let us sing the 84th psalm as the 148th psalm, &c. And then read over the first stanza, before you begin to sing, that the people may find it in their books, whether you sing with or without reading line by line.

Of dividing the Psalms.

If the psalm be too long for the time or custom of
A 3
singing,

singing, there are pauses in many of them, at which you may properly rest: Or you may leave out those verses which are included in crotchets [] without disturbing the sense: Or in some places you may begin to sing at a pause.

Do not always confine yourselves to six stanzas, but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the sense, and abuse the psalm in solemn worship.

The manner of singing.

It were to be wished that all congregations and private families would sing as they do in foreign protestant countries, without reading line by line. Though the author has done what he could to make the sense complete in every line or two, yet many inconveniencies will always attend this unhappy manner of singing: But where it cannot be altered, these two things may give some relief,

First, Let as many as can do it, bring psalm-books with them, and look on the words while they sing, so far as to make the sense complete.

Secondly, Let the clerk read the whole psalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the lines, that the people may have some notion of what they sing, and not be forced to draw on heavily through eight tedious syllables without any meaning, till the next lines come to give the sense of them.

It were to be wished also that we might not dwell so long upon every single note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent with a constant uniformity of time, which disgraces the music, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or six stanzas: Whereas if the method of singing were but reformed to a greater speed of pronunciation, we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer psalm

psalm with less expence of time and breath; and our psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves.

December 1st, 1718.

The various measures of the verse are fitted to the tunes of the Old Psalm-book.

To the common tunes, sing all intituled Common Metre.

To the tune of the 100th psalm sing all intituled Long Metre.

To the tune of the 25th psalm, sing Short Metre.

To the 50th psalm, sing one metre of the 50th and 93d.

To the 112th or 127th psalm, sing one metre of the 104th and 148th.

To the 113th psalm, sing one metre of the 19th, 33d, 58th, 89th, last part 96th, 112th, 113th.

To the 122d psalm, sing one of the metres of the 93d, 122d, and 133d.

To the 148th psalm, sing one metre of the 84th, 121st, 136th, and 148th.

To a new tune, sing one metre of the 50th and 115th.

THE
P S A L M S
OF
DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE
NEW TESTAMENT.

P S A L M I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat ;
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

- 3 [He like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so th' impious and unjust ;
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

P S A L M I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

- 1 **T**HE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.
- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root :

As the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find :
Their hopes shall flie like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet :

6 He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go :
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

P S A L M I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go ;
Who hates the place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

He loves t' employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord ;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.

He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green ;
And heav'n will shine with kindest beam
On ev'ry work his hands begin.

But sinners find their counsels crost ;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
 In judgment with the pious race ;
 The dreadful Judge with stern command
 Divides him to a different place.
- 6 " Straight is the way my saints have trode,
 " I blest the path and drew it plain ;
 " But you would choose the crooked road ;
 " And down it leads to endless pain."

P S A L M II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the divine pattern, Acts iv.
 24. &c.

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

- 1 **M**AKER and sov'reign Lord
 Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,
 Thy providence confirms thy word,
 And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold
 By David, are fulfill'd
 When Jews and Gentiles rose to slay
 Jesus, thine holy child.]
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord
 Bend all their counsels to destroy
 Th' anointed of the Lord ?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
 To form a vain design ;
 Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
 Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
 And will support his throne :
 He that hath rais'd him from the dead
 Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

- 6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.
- 7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.
- 9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.
- 10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

P S A L M II. Common Metre.

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord that sits above the skies
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through,
- "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead;

- “ I make my holy hill his throne,
 “ And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 “ The utmost heathen lands :
 “ Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 “ The rebel that withstands.”
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
 Obey th’ anointed Lord,
 Adore the King of heav’nly birth,
 And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne ;
 For if he frown, ye die ;
 Those are secure, and those alone,
 Who on his grace rely.

P S A L M II. Long Metre.

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

- 1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage ?
 The Romans why their swords employ ;
 Against the Lord their pow’rs engage
 His dear anointed to destroy ?
- 2 “ Come, let us break his bands, they say,
 “ This man shall never give us laws ;”
 And thus they cast his yoke away,
 And nail’d the monarch to the cross.
- 3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
 Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls ;
 He’ll vex their heart with inward pains,
 And speak in thunder to their souls.
- 4 “ I will maintain the King I made
 “ On Zion’s everlasting hill ;
 “ My hand shall bring him from the dead,
 “ And he shall stand your sov’reign still.

- 5 [His wond'rous rising from the earth
 Makes his eternal God-head known ;
 The Lord declares his heavenly birth ;
 " This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 " Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
 " There thou shalt ask and I bestow
 " The utmost bounds of Heathen lands ;
 " To thee the northern isles shall bow."]
- 7 But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his iron stroke ;
 His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
 As potters earthen ware is broke.

PAUSE.

- 8 Now ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb ;
 Now to his feet submit your crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.
- 9 With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry, and ye die ;
 His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
 If ye provoke his jealousy.
- 10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell,
 He is a God, and ye but dust :
 Happy the souls that know him well,
 And make his grace their only trust.

P S A L M III. Common Metre.

*Doubts and Fears suppress, or God our Defence from Sin
 and Satan.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears !
 How fast my foes increase !
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.

- 2 The lying tempter would persuade
 There's no relief in heav'n,
 And all my swelling sins appear
 Too big to be forgiven.
- 3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
 Shalt on the tempter tread,
 Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
 And raise my drooping head.
- 4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
 He bow'd a list'ning ear;
 I call'd my father, and my God,
 And he subdu'd my fear.
- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
 In spite of all my foes;
 I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace,
 That guarded my repose.]
- 6 What though the host of death and hell
 All arm'd against me stood,
 Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
 My refuge is my God.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
 While I thy glory sing:
 My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
 And death has lost his sting.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 His arm alone can save:
 Blessings attend thy people here,
 And reach beyond the grave.

P S A L M III. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 **O** Lord, how many are my foes
 In this weak state of flesh and blood!

My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry ;
'Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid
I laid me down and slept secure ;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
'Tho' I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night ;
Salvation doth to God belong ;
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

P S A L M IV. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

*Hearing of prayer, or, God our Portion, and Christ our
Hope.*

- 1 **O** God of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend, when I complain ;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame ;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside :
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear sake of Christ that dy'd.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,

We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

- 5 Let the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace and favours so divine,
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn and all their wine.

P S A L M IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me, when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice:
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

P S A L M V.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;

- To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye,
2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand,
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
5 O may the Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

.PAUSE.

- 6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.
7 Lord crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.
8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sicknefs ; or, Diseases healed.

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm :
Nor let thy fury burn so hot,
Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd :
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days ;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
'Till the slow morning rise.
- 4 Shall I be still tormented more ?
My eyes consum'd with grief ;
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand afford relief ;
- 5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans,
He saves us for his mercies sake,
And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
Restores our fainting breath :
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

P S A L M VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in Sicknefs overcome.

- 1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise ;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise.

- 2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!
- 3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

P S A L M VII.

God's Care of his People, and Punishment of Persecutors.

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heav'nly friend,
My hope in thee, my God.
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If I had ee'r provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r controul;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let finners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright;
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword:
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

P S A L M VIII. Short Metre.

*God's Sovereignty and Goodness ; and Man's Dominion
over the Creatures.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies :
- 3 When I survey the stars
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
A-kin to dust and worms ?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man
That thou shouldst love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.
- 5 'Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are !
And wond'rous are thy ways :
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.
- 7 [Out of the mouth of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
 Thy name is all divine :
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heav'ns they shine.]

P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

*Christ's Condescension, and Glorification ; or, God made
 • Man.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wond'rous great
 Is thine exalted name :
 The glories of thy heav'nly state
 Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy works on high,
 The moon that rules the night,
 And stars that well adorn the sky,
 Those moving worlds of light ;
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou should'st visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so ;
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
 To take a mortal form,
 Made lower than his angels are,
 To save a dying worm.
- 5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
 And men would not adore,
 Th' obedient seas and fishes own
 His Godhead and his pow'r.
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet,
 And fish at his command,
 Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
 Bring tribute to his hand.

- 7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]
- 8 Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours founded high,
By all things that have breath.
- 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

P S A L M VIII. Ver. 1, 2. Paraphrased.

First Part. Long Metre.

The Hefanna of the Children: or Infants praising God.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
'Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes with uninstructed tongue
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.
- 4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring :
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their king.

P S A L M VIII. *Ver. 3, &c. Paraphrased.*

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and New Creation.

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
'That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place !
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below ;
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- 3 But O what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state ?
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born ;
- 4 See him below his angels made !
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin :
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

P S A L M IX. *First part.*

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-Seat.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim,

'Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3 'Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all that are oppress'd;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace:
For thou hast ne'er forsok the just
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

P S A L M IX. *Ver. 12. Second Part.*

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

1 **W**HEN the great Judge supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.

- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

- 5 'The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.
- 6 Tho' saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

P S A L M X.

*Prayer heard, and Saints saved: or, Pride, Atheism
and Oppression punished.*

For a Humiliation Day.

- 1 **W**HY doth the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy pow'r?

Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour ?

3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor ;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O Lord, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry ;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
“ The God of heav’n will ne’er engage
“ To fight on Zion’s side.”

6 But thou for ever art our Lord ;
And pow’rful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish’d from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear ;
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just ;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

P S A L M XI.

God loves the Righteous and hates the Wicked.

1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love
Why do my foes insult and cry,

“ Fly like a tim’rous trembling dove,
 “ To distant woods or mountains fly.”

- 2 If government be all destroy’d,
 (That firm foundation of our peace,)
 And violence make justice void,
 Where shall the righteous seek redress.
- 3 The Lord in heav’n has fix’d his throne,
 His eye surveys the world below :
 To him all mortal things are known,
 His eye-lids search our spirits thro’.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
 To prove their love, and try their grace,
 What may the bold transgressors fear ?
 His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
 Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
 Such as he kindled on the plain
 Of Sodom, with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
 Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
 And with a gracious eye beholds
 The men that his own image bear.

P S A L M XII. Long Metre.

*The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times : or, Sins of
 the Tongue complained of, viz. Blasphemy, Falsehood,
 &c.*

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
 Virtue and truth will fly away ;
 A faithful man amongst us here,
 Will scarce be found, if thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse when neighbours meet,
 Is fill’d with trifles loose and vain ;

Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
Their flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.

4 " Yet shall our words be free, they cry :
" Our tongue shall be controul'd by none :
" Where is the Lord will ask us why ?
" Or say our lips are not our own ?"

5 The Lord who sees the poor oppress'd
And hears th' oppressors haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear ?
Not silver sev'n times purify'd
From dross and mixture shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm ;
Tho' when the vilest men have pow'r,
On ev'ry side will sinners swarm.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

*Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners : or
The Promise and Signs of Christ's coming to Judg-
ment.*

1 **H**ELP Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground ;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lye,
How is their fury stirr'd!
"Are not our lips our own they cry,
"And who shall be our lord?"
- 4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

- 5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;
- 6 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not giv'n the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?
- 7 "Yes, faith the Lord, now will I rise,
"And make oppressors flee?
"I shall appear to their surprise,
"And set my servants free."
- 8 Thy word like silver seven times try'd,
Thro' ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure.

P S A L M XIII. Long Metre.

*Pleading with God under Desertion : or, Hope in Dark-
ness.*

1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide?
And I still pray, and be deny'd?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not!
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with those anxious thoughts oppress'd?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief,
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast
If but one praying soul be lost?
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

P S A L M XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under the Temptations of the Devil.

1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?

When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
That chase my fears away ;

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain ?

Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts,

He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fi'ry darts.

4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep ?

Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How would the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey !

Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay.

6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head ;

He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung ;

I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

P S A L M XIV. *First Part.*

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

1 **F**OOLS, in their hearts, believe and say
“ That all religion's vain,
“ There is no God that reigns on high,
“ Or minds th' affairs of men.”

From thoughts so dreadful and profane
 Corrupt discourse proceeds;
 And in their impious hands are found
 Abominable deeds.

The Lord, from his celestial throne,
 Look'd down on things below,
 To find the man that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know.

By nature all are gone astray,
 Their practice all the same:
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand;
 There's none that loves his name.

Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
 Their slanders never cease;
 How swift to mischief are their feet;
 Nor know the paths of peace.

Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In ev'ry heart are found;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit
 Till grace refine the ground.

P S A L M XIV. *Second Part.**The Folly of Persecutors.*

ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
 That they the saints devour?
 And never worship at thy throne,
 Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

Great God, appear to their surprise,
 Reveal thy dreadful name;
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,
 Nor turn our hope to shame.

Dost thou not dwell among the just,
 And yet our foes deride?

That we should make thy name our trust,
Great God confound their pride.

- 4 O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress !
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

P S A L M XV. Common Metre.

*Characters of a Saint, or, a Citizen of Zion : or, The
Qualifications of a Christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness ?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace ?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands ;
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor flanders with his tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord ;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor ;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure.

P S A L M XV. Long Metre.

*Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth ; or, Duties to
God and Man, or, the Qualifications of a Christian.*

1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue :
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt :
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good ;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold ;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them,

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :
'This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

P S A L M XVI. *First part.* Long Metre.

*Confession of our Poverty ; and, Saints the best Company :
or, Good Works profit men, not God.*

- 1 **P**Reserve me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead ;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am ;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do ;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine ;
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

P S A L M XVI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's All-Sufficiency.

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god ;
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon ;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus his best beloved son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast ;
By day his counsels guide me right :

And be his name for ever blest
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

- 4 I set him still before mine eyes ;
At thy right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprize,
And be my everlasting guard.

P S A L M XVI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop ;
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
And full discov'ries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

P S A L M XVI. 1—8. *First part.* Com. Metre.

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe ;
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

- 2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The faints may profit by't ;
The faints the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.
- 4 His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup ;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy ;
His counsels are my light ;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.
- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye ;
Not death nor hell my hope shall move
While such a friend is nigh.

P S A L M XVI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 “ **I** Set the Lord before my face,
“ He bears my courage up ;
“ My heart and tongue their joys express,
“ My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 “ My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
“ Where souls departed are ;
“ Nor quit my body to the grave,
“ To see corruption there.
- 3 “ Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
“ And raise me to thy throne ;

“ Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 “ Thy presence joys unknown.”

4 [Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
 The holy David sung,
 And providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom ev'ry saint adores,
 Was crucify'd and slain :
 Behold the tomb its prey restores,
 Behold he lives again.

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heav'n's eternal hills ;
 There sits the Son at God's right hand,
 And there the Father smiles.]

P S A L M XVII. Ver. 13, &c. Short Metre.

*Portion of Saints and Sinners : or, Hope and Despair
 in Death.*

[1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
 And Make the wicked flee,
 They are but thy chastising rod
 To drive thy saints to thee :

2 Behold the sinner dies,
 His haughty words are vain ;
 Here in this life his pleasure lies,
 And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
 And boast of all his store ;
 The Lord is my inheritance,
 My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
 Of my forgiving God ;

And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion, and Saint's Hope: or, The Heaven of separate Souls, and the Resurrection.

1 **L**ORD, I am thine: but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love,
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lies below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Has joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find thee there?

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;

Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

P S A L M XVIII. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Ver. 1,——6, 15,——18.

Deliverance from Despair ; or, Temptations overcome.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence ;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave
Stood round me with their dismal shade ;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine ;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint:
Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode ;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer God.]
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath ;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the depths of death.]
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage ;

But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still
In all the wars that devils wage.

- 8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour ;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

P S A L M XVIII.

Second Part. Ver. 20—26. Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear ;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face ;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest !
What wars and strugglings in my breast ?
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.
- 4 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will ;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign pow'r
Destroy it, that it rise no more ?
- 5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward :
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.
- 6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they :

And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

P S A L M XVIII. *Third Part.* Ver. 30, 31,
34, 35, 46. &c. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.

1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives (and blessed be my Rock)
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

6 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints in Christ their head
Knows not a limit nor an end.

P S A L M XVIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tow'r,
Our bulwark and our shield.

- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence ;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms ?
The lightning of his spear.
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd ;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our gen'als for the field
With all their dreadful skill ;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes them hearts of steel.
- 7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
(Though there his name's forgot ;
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not).
- 8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
For his own churches sake ;
The pow'rs that give his people rest
Shall of his care partake.]

P S A L M XVIII. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

- 1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day ;

Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them thro' the field,
And trode them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful as our God?

5 The Rock of Isra'l ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

6 On kings that reign as David did
He pours his blessing down;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

P S A L M XIX. *First Part.* Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's-day Morning.

1 **B**EHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same:

While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry different land
Their gen'ral voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye British lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his word,
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight ;
Nor gold that hath the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

P S A L M XIX. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

God's Word most excellent ; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness.

For a Lord's-day morning.

1 **B**EHOOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;

His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs.
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgements just,
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n !

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways ?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

E

P S A L M XIX. Long Metre.

*The Books of Nature and of Scripture compared :
or, The Glory and Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth begun its race,
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till thro' the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

P S A L M XIX. To the tune of the 113th Psalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name :

- 'There thy rich works of wonder shine,
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear
 Of boundless pow'r, and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light,
 Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journies of the sun ;
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice :
 The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He smiles, and speaks his maker God ;
 All nature joins to shew thy praise :
 Thus God in ev'ry creature shines ;
 Fair are the book of nature's lines ;
 But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word ;
 What light and joy these leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distressed !
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 6 From the discoveries of thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw :
 These are my study and delight ;

Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

- 7 Thy threatnings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

- 3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts ?
My God forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain :
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

P S A L M XX,

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace,
Attend his people's humble cry !
Jehovah hears when Isra'l prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls ;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts :
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Isra'l's God,

- Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts :
Our surest expectations are
From thee the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- 6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight !
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hope be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

P S A L M XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

- 1 **T**HE King, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice ;
And blest with thy salvation raise
To heav'n his cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence thro' nations round
Has spread his glorious name ;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.
- 3 Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely ;
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.
- 4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand :
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate his mild command.

- 5 When thou against them dost engage,
 Thy just, but dreadful doom
 Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
 Their hopes and them consume,
- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare.
 And thus exalt thy fame;
 Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
 For thine almighty name.

P S A L M XXI. 1—9. Long Metre.

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
 But Christ the Son appears at length,
 Fulfils the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy
 In the salvation of thy hand!
 Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
 And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
 Nor doth the least request with-hold;
 Blessings of love prevent him still,
 And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine
 Around his sacred temples shine,
 Blest with the favour of thy face,
 And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
 And as a fiery oven glows
 With raging heat and living coals,
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls

P S A L M XXII. 1—16. *First Part.*
Common Metre.*The Sufferings and Death of Christ.*

1 **W**HY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis my chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn"

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word,
And since I hung upon the breast
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet
 To multiply the smart ;
 They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
 And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
 The rage of earth and hell,
 Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
 The Son he loves so well ?
- 10 My God, if possible it be,
 With-hold this bitter cup :
 But I resign my will to thee,
 And drink the sorrows up.
- 11 My heart dissolves in pangs unknown,
 In groans I waste my breath :
 Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
 Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,
 And trust it in thy hand ;
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
 And rise at thy command.

P S A L M XXII. 20, 21, 27,—31. *Second Part.*
 Common Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.

- 1 “ **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,
 “ O Lord, protect thy Son,
 “ Nor leave thy darling to engage
 “ The pow'rs of hell alone.”
- 2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray
 With mighty cries and tears ;
 God heard him in that dreadful day,
 And chas'd away his fears.

- 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high :
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans ;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn ;
“ He rescu'd others from the grave ;
“ Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 “ This is the man did once pretend
“ God was his father and his friend ;
“ If God the blessed lov'd him so,
“ Why doth he fail to help him now ?”
- 4 Barbarous people ! cruel priests !
How they stood round like savage beasts !

Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet :
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
- 6 But God, his Father, heard his cry ;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high ;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

P S A L M XXIII. Long Metre.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord ;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd ;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest,
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Tho' I walk through the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and cheerful wine.

7 [How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest !
'Tis a divine anointing shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days ;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To see his face, and and sing his praise.]

P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways ;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay,
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in fight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ;

O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

P S A L M XXIII. Short Metre.

1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joys exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

P S A L M XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,
 With Adam's num'rous race;
 He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
 And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men
 May visit thine abode?
 He that has hand from mischief clean,
 Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 'This is the man may rise and take
 The blessings of his grace:
 'This is the lot of those that seek
 The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our souls immortal powers
 To meet the Lord prepare,
 Lift up their everlasting doors,
 The King of glory's near.
- 5 The King of glory, who can tell
 The wonders of his might?
 He rules the the nations; but to dwell
 With saints is his delight.

P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's Ascension.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 And men and worms, and beasts and birds:
 He rais'd the building on the seas,
 And gave it for the dwelling-place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
 Who shall ascend that blest abode,
 And dwell so near his maker God?

- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
 Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
 And clothe his soul with righteousness. .
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,
 That seek the God of Jacob's face;
 These shall enjoy the blissful light,
 And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
 Behold the King of glory nigh;
 Who can this King of glory be?
 The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display
 To make the Lord our Saviour way;
 Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
 The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
 He opens heav'ns eternal door,
 To give his saints a blest abode
 Near their Redeemer and their God.

P S A L M XXV. I——II. *First Part.*

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
 My trust is in his name;
 Let not my foes that seek my blood
 Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell,
 Persuade me to despair:
 Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
 That I may 'scape the snare.

- 3 From the first dawning light
 'Till the dark ev'ning rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
 With ever longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn his ways,
 And ev'ry humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness sake
 He saves my soul from shame;
 He pardons (though my guilt be great)
 Thro' my Redeemer's name.

P S A L M IX. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Second Part.*

Divine Instruction.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found
 That fears t' offend his God,
 That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
 And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
 The secrets of his heart,
 The wonders of his cov'nant show,
 And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand
 Are truth and mercy still,
 With such as to his cov'nant stand,
 And love to do his will;
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
 Before their Maker's face;

Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

P S A L M XXV. 15,—22. *Third Part.*
Distress of Soul ; or, Backsliding and Desertion.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near ;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare ?
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wand'ring feet have trode !
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe ;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow new begins ;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

- 6 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate ?
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.
- 7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,

For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again ;
Of Isra'el it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

P S A L M XXVI.

Self-examination ; or, Evidences of Grace.

1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart ;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies :
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst the saints will I appear
With hands well wash'd in innocence
But when I stand before the bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell ;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonders tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

P S A L M XXVII. 1—6. *First Part.*

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my my light,
And my salvation too ;

God is my strength: nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There will I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple found.

P S A L M XXVIII. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

Prayer and Hope.

1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
“Ye children, seek my grace,”
My heart reply’d without delay,
“I’ll seek my Father’s face.”

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

- 4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
 Had not my soul believ'd,
 To see thy grace provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

P S A L M XXIX.

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,
 Ascribe due honours to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
 Over the ocean and the land;
 His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
 And light'nings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
 Lay the wide forest bare around;
 The fearful hart and frightened hind
 Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
 And lo, the stately cedars break;
 The mountains tremble at the noise,
 The vallies roar, the desarts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
 The 'Thund'rer reigns for ever king;
 But makes his church his blest abode,
 Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language there the Lord
 The counsels of his grace imparts:

Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

P S A L M XXX. *First Part.*

Sickness healed, and Sorrows removed.

- 1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

P S A L M XXX. Ver 6. *Second Part.*

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd t'would ne'er be night:
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.
- 3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?"
"Deep in the dust can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace, I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"

'Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
'Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n.
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

P S A L M XXXI. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. *First part.*

Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **I** NTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.
- 2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.
- 3 " My times are in thy hand, I cry'd,
" 'Tho' I draw near the dust:"
'Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.
- 4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

- 5 ['Twas in my haste my spirit said
" I must despair and die,

- “ I am cut off before thine eyes ;
But thou hast heard my cry,
- 6 Thy goodness how divinely free !
How wondrous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises !
- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud ;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

P S A L M XXXI. 7—13, 18—21. *Second Part.*

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust ;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame
Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 “ My life is spent with grief, I cry'd,
“ My years consum'd in groans,
“ My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
“ And sorrow wastes my bones.”
- 3 Among mine enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side
Seiz'd and beset me round ;
I to the throne of grace aply'd,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

- 5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men !

- The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain !
- 6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell ;
No fenced city wall'd and barr'd
Secures a saint so well.

P S A L M XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

- 1 **O** Blessed souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their heart with care :
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

P S A L M XXXII. Common Metre.

Free Pardon, and sincere Obedience : or, Confession and Forgiveness.

1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin,
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean !

2 Happy beyond expression he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd ;
And from the guilty bondage free
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies ;
His words are all sincere ;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find ;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confess my troubled thought,
My secret sins reveal'd,
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

P S A L M XXXII. *First Part.* Long Metre.*Repentance and free Pardon ; or, Justification and Sanctification.*

1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever blest,
 Whose sin is pardon'd by his God,
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his iniquities,
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free ;
 His humble joy, his holy fear,
 With deep repentance will agree,
 And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his sins !
 While a bright evidence of grace
 'Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

P S A L M XXXII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.*A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.*

WHILE I keep silence and conceal
 My heavy-guilt within my heart,
 What torments doth my conscience feel !
 What agonies of inward smart !

I spread my sins before the Lord,
 And all my secret faults confess ;
 Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
 Thine holy spirit seals the grace.

For this shall ev'ry humble soul
 Make swift addresses to thy seat ;

When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I ly,
When days grow dark, and storms appear;
And when I wake, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

P S A L M XXXIII. *First Part.* Com. Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true!

- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name.

- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

- 4 He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

- 6 He scorns the angry nations rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

P S A L M XXXIII. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.*Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.*

1 **B**LEST is the nation where the Lord
 Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;
 Where he reveals his heavenly word,
 And calls their tribes his own :

2 His eye with infinite survey
 Does the whole world behold ;
 He form'd us all of equal clay,
 And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
 Of armies from the grave :
 Nor speed nor courage of an horse
 Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
 To hope for safety thence ;
 But holy souls from God obtain
 A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
 When plagues or famine spread ;
 His watchful eye secures the just
 Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
 And bless us from thy throne ;
 For we have made thy word our choice,
 And trust thy grace alone.

P S A L M XXXIII. As the 113th Psal. *First Part**Works of Creation and Providence.*

YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
 Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,
 Great is your theme, your songs be new :
 Sing of his name, his word, his ways.

His words of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true !

- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves ,
And the whole earth his goodness proves ;
His word the heav'nly arches spread ;
How wide they shine from north to south !
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

- 3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
Those wat'ry treasures know their place,
In the vast store-house of the deep :
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

- 4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psal. *Second Part.*

Creatures vain and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **O** HAPPY nation where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne !
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God their Maker is unknown.
- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast ;
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider or to fly.

- 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford
When death or dangers threat'ning stand :
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars of famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne ;
We wait to see thy goodness shine ;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

God's Care of his Saints : or, Deliverance by Prayer.

- 1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue :
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come let us all exalt his name ;
I fought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief ;
My secret groaning reach'd his ears ;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine ;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 4 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord :

O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

P S A L M XXXIV. 11——22. *Second Part.*

Long Metre.

Religious Education ; or Instructions of Piety.

- 1 **C**HILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents hope, your parents joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your mind employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries ;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.
- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh ;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death ;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

P S A L M XXXIV. 1—10. 1st Part. Com. Metre.*Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.*

- 1 **I**'LL blefs the Lord from day to day ;
How good are all his ways !
Ye humble fouls that ufe to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor fufferer cry'd ;
Nor was his hope expos'd to fhame,
Nor was his fuit deny'd.
- 3 When threat'ning sorrows round me flood,
And endless fears arofe,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes,
- 4 I told the Lord my fore diftrefs
With heavy groans and tears ;
He gave my sharpeft torments eafe,
And filenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

- 5 [O finners, come and tafte his love,
Come, learn his pleafant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The fweetnefs of his grace.
- 6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell ;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]
- 7 [O love the Lord, ye faints of his ;
His eye regards the juft !
How richly blefs'd their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust !

- 8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
 And famish in the wood ;
 But God supplies his holy poor
 With ev'ry needful good.]

P S A L M XXXIV. 11—22. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.

- 1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord ;
 And that your days be long,
 Let not a false or spiteful word
 Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
 Pursue the works of peace ;
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,
 And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
 His ears attend their cry !
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,
 The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What tho' the sorrows here they taste
 Are sharp and tedious too,
 The Lord who saves them all at last
 Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;
 But God secures his own,
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation like a flood
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,
 Saints find a refuge in their God,
 For he redeem'd their souls.

P S A L M XXXV. 1—9. *First Part.*

*Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints : or, Imprecations
mixed with Charity.*

- 1 **N**OW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife ;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod ;
But to my soul in mercy say,
“ I am thy Saviour God.”
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread ;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.
- 4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slipp’ry be their ground ;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.
- 5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath ;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death.
- 6 They love the road that leads to hell ;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.
- 7 But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy surprising grace.

- 8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
 To make thy wonders known ;
 In their salvation I'll rejoice,
 And bless thee for my own.

P S A L M XXXV. Ver. 12, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

Love to Enemies : or, The love of Christ to Sinners typify'd in David.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the generous love
 That holy David shows ;
 Hark how his sounding bowels move
 To his afflicted foes !
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
 And seems to feel the smart ;
 The spirit of the gospel reigns,
 And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole
 As for a brother dead !
 And fasting mortify'd his soul,
 While for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
 And double blessings on his head
 The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heavenly grace !
 Thus Christ the Lord appears !
 While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
 And pities them with tears.
- 6 He the true David, Israel's King,
 Blest and lov'd of God,
 To save us rebels dead in sin,
 Pay'd his own dearest blood.

P S A L M XXXVI. 5—9. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God ; or, General Providence and Special Grace.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thine hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

P S A L M XXXVI. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Com. Metre.

Practical Atheism exposed : or, The Being and Attributes of God asserted.

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,

My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess),
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What strange self flatt'ry blinds their eyes ;
But there's a hast'ning hour
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Tho' mountains melt away ;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heav'ns created rounds
Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast ;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children chuse to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Tho' all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.

P S A L M XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.

*The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God: or,
Practical Atheism exposed.*

1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries.
“ He hath no faith of God within,
“ Nor fear before his eyes.”

2 [He walks a while conceal'd,
In a self-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil:
He sets his heart, and hand, and head
To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Tho' men renounce his fear;
His justice hid behind the cloud
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky,
In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs:
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

P S A L M XXXVII. 1—15. *First Part.*

The Cure of Envy, Fratfulness, and Unbelief, or, The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked : or, The World's Hatred and the Saint's Patience.

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise ;
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies ?
- 2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good ;
So shall I dwell amongst the just,
And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will ;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
- 5 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n ;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

- 7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Tho' Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty vice.

- 8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.
- 9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.
- 10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own sword against them turn;
And pain surprize their hearts.

P S A L M XXXVII. 16, 21,—31. *Second Part.*

Charity to the Poor, or, Religion in Words and Deeds.

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinners gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The faint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
Among the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;

Led by the spirit and the word
His feet shall never slide.

- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare,
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

P S A L M XXXVII. 23—37. *Third Part.*

The way and end of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
'Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive him of his grace,
Nor leave the man he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is their's,
Their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown ;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;

Ner root, ner branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

*Guilt of Conscience and Relief; or, Repentance and
Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

- 1 **A** MIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord,
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me to tone.

- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

- 5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my pow'r's are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

- 6 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And ev'ry sigh, and every groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.

- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
 My God will hear my cry,
 My God will bear my spirit up
 When Satan bids me die.
- 8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,
 My foes rejoice to see't;
 They raise their pleasure and their pride
 When they supplant my feet ;
- 9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
 And grieve for all my sin ;
 I'll mourn, how weak my graces be,
 And beg support divine.
- 10 My God forgive my follies past,
 And be for ever nigh ;
 O Lord of my salvation haste,
 Before thy servant die.]

P S A L M XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. *First Part.*

Watchfulness over the Tongue ; or, Prudence and Zeal.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
 " Now will I watch my tongue,
 " Lest I let slip one sinful word,
 " Or do my neighbour wrong."
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
 With men of lives profane,
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.

- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be over-aw'd,
 But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That we can speak for God.

P S A L M XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*

The Vanity of Man is mortal.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame;
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time;
 Man is but vanity and dust
 In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
 Like shadows o'er the plain,
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore,
 They toil for heirs they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then
 From creatures, earth and dust,
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recal!
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

P S A L M XXXIX. 9—13. *Third Part.**Sick-bed Devotion : or, Pleading without Repining.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command ;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes :
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Thro' thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust ;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke !
Adam and all his num'rous race
Are vanity and smoke.]
- 6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 7 But if my life be spar'd a while,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

P S A L M XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *1st Part*, Com. Met.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry:
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words, nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

P S A L M XI. 6—9. *Second Part*. Com. Met.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
" Give your burnt off'rings o'er,
" In dying goats and bullocks slain
" My soul delights no more.

- 2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo I'm here,
" My God to do thy will;
" Whate'er thy sacred books declare
" Thy servant shall fulfil.
- 3 " Thy law is ever in my sight,
" I keep it near my heart;
" Mine ears are open'd with delight
" To what thy lips impart.
- 4 And see the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.
- 5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.
- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

P S A L M XL. 5—10. Long Metre.

Christ our Sacrifice.

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
 Should I attempt the long detail,
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
 But thou hast set before our eyes
 An all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
 To thy designs he bows his ears;
 Assumes a body well prepar'd,
 And well performs a work so hard.

“ Behold I come, (the Saviour cries,
 With love and duty in his eyes),
 “ I come to bear the heavy load
 “ Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

“ ’Tis written in thy great decree,
 “ ’Tis in thy book foretold of me,
 “ I must fulfil the Saviour’s part;
 “ And lo! thy law is in my heart.

“ I’ll magnify thy holy law,
 “ And rebels to obedience draw,
 “ When on my cross I’m lifted high,
 “ Or to my crown above the sky.

“ The spirit shall descend and show
 “ What thou hast done, and what I do;
 “ The wond’ring world shall learn thy grace,
 “ Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.

P S A L M XLI. 1. 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor ; or, Pity to the Afflicted.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul by sympathizing love
Feels what his fellow saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do ;
He in a time of gen'ral grief
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

P S A L M XLII. 1—5. *First part.**Desertion and Hope : or, Complaint of Absence from Public Worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God to thee I look ;
So pants the hunted heart to find
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again ?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast ;

The foe insults without controul,
 " And where's your God at last ?

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
 I think on ancient days ;
 Then to thy house did numbers go,
 And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
 Beneath this heavy load ;
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
 And sin against my God ?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
 Can all thy woes remove,
 For I shall yet before him stand,
 And sing restoring love.

P S A L M XLII. 6—11. *Second Part.*

Melancholy thoughts reprov'd ; or, Hope in Affliction.

1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord
 But I will call thy name to mind,
 And times of past distress record,
 When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles; with tumultuous noise;
 Swell like a sea, and round me spread ;
 Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
 And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
 When I address his throne by day,
 Nor in the night his grace remove ;
 The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
 And say, " My God, my heav'nly Rock,
 " Why doth thy love so long forget
 " The soul that groans beneath thy stroke ?"

- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
 Why should my soul indulge her grief?
 Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
 He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
 Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
 And lead me to thine holy hill,
 My God, my most exceeding joy.

P S A L M XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—20.

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,
 Thy works of power and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told
 The wonders of their days.
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
 And make thy gospel known;
 Amongst them did thine arm appear,
 Thy light and glory shone.
- In God they boasted all the day,
 And in a cheerful throng
 Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
 And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
 Confusion fills our face,
 To hear the enemy blaspheme,
 And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
 Nor falsely dealt with heav'n,
 Nor have our steps declin'd the road
 Of duty thou hast giv'n.
- 6 Tho' dragons all around us roar
 With their destructive breath,

And thine own hand hath bruiz'd us fore
Hard by the gates of death.

Pause.

- 7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy cause ;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws.
- 8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace ?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face ?
- 9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries ?
For ever hide thine heavn'ly love
From our afflicted eyes ?
- 10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground ;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.
- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God ;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

P S A L M XLV. Short Metre.

*The Glory of Christ : The Success of the Gospel : and the
Gentile Church.*

1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine ;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,
Circ on thy dreadful sword,

And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike thro' thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right ;
Thy throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand,

5 [Thy Father and thy God,
Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit like a joyful oil
'T' anoint thy sacred head.

6 Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house ;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

7 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

The personal Glories and Government of Christ.

1 **I**'LL speak the honours of my King ;
His form divinely fair ;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed ;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway ;
Thy terror shall strike thro' thy foes,
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice ;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

P S A L M XLV. *First Part.* Long Metre.*The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.*

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord, how heav'nly fair
His form ! how bright his beauties are !
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace ;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;

Or words of mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richely shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

P S A L M XLV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ and his Church; or, The Mystical Marriage.

1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand, our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

- 6 Let endiefs honours crown his head ;
 Let ev'ry age his praises spread ;
 While we with cheerful songs approve
 The condescensions of his love.

P S A L M XLVI. *First part.*

The Church's Safety and Triumph among national Def-
lations.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints
 Behold him present with his aid.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurld
 Down to the deep, and bury'd there :
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God :
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',
 And wat'ring our divine abode.

- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all my raging fear controuls :
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

P S A L M XLVI. *Second Part.**God fights for his Church.*

- 1 **L**ET Zion in her King rejoice,
 Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
 He utters his almighty voice,
 The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
 And Jacob's God is still our aid:
 Behold the works his hand has wrought,
 What desolations he has made.
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
 He makes the noise of battle cease;
 When from on high his thunder roars,
 He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
 Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
 Keep silence all the earth, and hear
 The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
 "I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
 "I will be known and fear'd abroad,
 "But still my throne in Zion stands."
- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
 While we so near thy presence dwell,
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
 Defiance to the gates of hell.

P S A L M XLVII.

Christ ascending and reigning.

- 1 **O** For a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sov'reign King!
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high ;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearfe his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with the solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Isra'l stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
And Heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known ;
While pow'rs and princes, shields and sword
Submit before his throne.

P S A L M XLVIII. 1—8. *First Part.**The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.*

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;

How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces.

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well the Lord secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

P S A L M XLVIII. 10——14. *Second Part.*

The Beauty of the Church : or, Gospel Worship and Order.

1 **F**AR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,

Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well ;

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

P S A L M XLIX. 6—14. *1st Part.* Com. Metre.

Pride and Death : or, The vanity of Life and Riches.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide ?

[Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh was born
Of better dust than they ?]

Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

[Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high ;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
 The tim'rous and the brave,
 Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
 And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
 " My house shall ever stand ;
 " And that my name may long abide,
 " I'll give it to my land."
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
 How soon his mem'ry dies !
 His name is written in the dust
 Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

- 8 This is the folly of their way ;
 And yet their sons in vain
 Approve the words their fathers say,
 And act their works again.
- 9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
 If honour raise them high,
 Live like the beast, a thoughtless life;
 And like the beast they die.
- 10 [Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
 Death feeds upon them there,
 Till the last trumpet break their sleep
 In terror and despair.]

P S A L M XLIX. 14, 15. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 **Y**E sons of pride that hate the just,
 And trample on the poor,
 When death has brought you down to dust,
 Your pomp shall rise no more.

- 2 The last great day shall change the scene ;
 When will that hour appear ?
 When shall the just revive, and reign
 O'er all that scorn'd them here ?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,
 When sep'rate from the flesh ;
 And break the prison of the grave.
 To raise my bones afresh.
- 4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
 Th' inheritance is sure ;
 Let men of pride their rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

P S A L M XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,
 And boast the large estates they have ;
 How vain are riches to secure
 Their owners from the grave !
- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death
 With all the help in which they trust ;
 Nor give a dying brother breath,
 When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
 Shall clasp their naked bodies round ;
 That flesh so delicately fed
 Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
 Laid in the grave of worms they eat :
 The saints shall in the morning rise,
 And find the oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honours perish in the dust,
 And pomp and beauty, birth, and blood

That glorious day exalts the just,
To full dominion o'er the proud.

- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode ;
My flesh and soul shall part no more ;
But dwell for ever near my God.

P S A L M L. 1—6. *First Part.* Com. Metre.

The last Judgment ; or, The Saints rewarded.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the Western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“ Judgment will ne’er begin ;”
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron’d on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way ;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heav’n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.
- 5 “ But gather all my saints (he cries)
“ That made their peace with God
“ By the Redeemer’s sacrifice,
“ And seal’d it with his blood.
- 6 “ Their faith and works brought forth to light
“ Shall make the world confess
“ My sentence of reward is right,
“ And heaven adore my grace.

PSALM L. Ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
 " And flocks and herds are mine,
 " O'er all the cattle of the hills
 " I claim a right divine.
- 2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 " Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
 " To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 " Is all that I require.
- 3 " Call upon me when trouble's near,
 " My hand shall set thee free;
 " Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 " The honour due to me.
- 4 " The man that offers humble praise,
 " He glorifies me best:
 " And those that tread my holy ways
 " Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM L. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *Third Part.*

Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

- 1 **W**HEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
 And saints surround their Lord,
 He calls the nations to attend,
 And hear his awful word.
- 2 " Not for the want of bullocks slain
 " Will I the world reprove;
 " Altars and rites, and forms are vain,
 " Without the fire of love.

- 3 " And what have hypocrites to do,
 " To bring their sacrifice ?
 " They call my statutes just and true,
 " But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 " Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
 " And sin without controul ?
 " But I shall bring your crimes to light
 " With anguish in your soul."
- 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
 Before his wrath appear ;
 If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There's no deliv'rer there.

P S A L M L. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the judge, his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hope in rites and forms,
 But make not faith their love and care,
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
 With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face !
 'They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean !
 Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood ;
 By night thy practise ev'ry sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,
 They grow secure and sin the more ;

They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

- 6 O dreadful hour ! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes !
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

P S A L M L. To a new tune.

The last Judgement.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign, sends his summons
forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north ;
From east to west the sounding orders spread
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead :
No more shall Atheists mock his long delay ;
His vengeance sleeps no more : Behold the day !
- 2 Behold the Judge descends ; his guards are nigh ;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky :
Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near ; let all things come
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom ;
But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands),
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
- 3 Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names ; the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship, or the new,
There's no distinction here ; come, spread their
thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.
- 4 I their almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge : Ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
My eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear :

Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire ;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love : In vain the store
Of brutal off'rings that were mine before ;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks blood ?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'ring, and fantastic vows ?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?

7 Unthinking wretch ! how couldst thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these !
While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong ;
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited with long suffering love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin ?
Behold my terrors now : my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works a-
mend ;

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near :

P S A L M L. to the old proper tune.

The last Judgment.

1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Call the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.

*The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

2 No more shall Atheists mock his long delay ;
His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold the day ;
Behold the Judge descend ; his guards are nigh ;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.

*When God appears, all nature shall adore him,
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

3 “ Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near : Let all things
come

“ To hear my justice, and the sinners doom ;

“ But gather first my saints ; (the Judge commands) ;

“ Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.”

*When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion :
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

4 “ Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good.

“ Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood.

“ And sign'd with all their names ; the greek, the Jew,

“ That paid the ancient worship or the new ;

*There's no distinction here, join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.*

5 “ Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their
thrones,

“ And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons,

“ Come, my redeem’d, possess the joys prepar’d
 “ Ere time began, ’tis your divine reward.

*When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion :
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

PAUSE the first

6 “ I am the saviour, I th’ almighty God,
 “ I am the Judge : Ye heav’ns proclaim abroad
 “ My just eternal sentence and declare,
 “ Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.

*When God appears, all nature shall adore him :
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

7 “ Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
 “ Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat’nings vain ;
 “ Thou hypocrite, once drest in saints attire,
 “ I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

*Judgment proceeds : hell trembles ; heav’n rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

8 “ Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 “ Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain
 “ Without the flames of love : in vain the store
 “ Of brutal off’rings that were mine before.

*Earth is the Lord’s : all nature shall adore him ;
 While sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.*

9 “ If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
 “ When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock’s blood ?
 “ Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
 “ Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests, where they
 feed.

*All is the Lord’s ; he rules the wide creation :
 Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.*

10 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 " Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows ?
 " Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
 " Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?

*God is the Judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his veng'ance rises.*

PAUSE the second.

11 " Unthinking wretch ! how couldst thou hope to
 please ;
 " A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these ?
 " While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
 " Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.

*Judgment proceeds : hell trembles : heav'n rejoices :
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

12 " In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends ;
 " Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends :
 " While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,
 " His harden'd soul divine instruction hates

*God is the Judge of hearts : no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his veng'ance rises.*

13 " Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love ;
 " But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ;
 " And cherish such an impious thought within,
 " That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin ?

*See, God appears ; all nature join to adore him :
 Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.*

14 " Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll,
 " And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul,
 " Now, like a lion, shall my veng'ance tear
 " Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near.

*Judgment concludes ; hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

Epiphonema.

Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise !
Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works
amend.

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend :

*Then join, ye saints : wake every cheerful passion,
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.*

P S A L M LI. *First Part.* Long Metre.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

- 1 **S**HEW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean :
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden veng'ance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death :

And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

P S A L M LI. *Second Part.* Long Mètre.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;
But we're defil'd in every part.

[Great God, create my heart a-new,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]

Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace :
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

P S A L M LI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

*The Backslider restored : or, Repentance and Faith in the
Blood of Christ.*

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
 Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
 And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue !
 Salvation shall be all my song ;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless—
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM LI. 1—15. *First Part.* Com. Metre.

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my fore distress
 And guilt before thine eyes,
 Against thy laws, against thy grace,
 How bright my crimes arise !
- 2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
 And crush my flesh to dust,
 Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
 And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came,
 Unholy and unclean ;
 All my original is shame,
 And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
 Contagion with my breath ;
 And as my days advanc'd, I grew
 A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
 With thy forgiving love ;
 O make my broken spirit whole,
 And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
 Nor drive me from thy face ;

Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men ;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. 14—17. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

- 1 **O** God of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove ;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone ;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise :
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

P S A L M LII. 4—6.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus devour his saints ?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints ?
- 2 'They shall be seiz'd with sad surprize ;
For God's revenging arm

Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array ;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Sion's King,
Her captives to restore !
Jacob with all the tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM LV. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. Com. Met.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

1 **O** God, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with ev'ry breath ;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings ;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

- 6 Vain hopes, and vain intentions all,
 To 'scape the rage of hell !
 The mighty God on whom I call,
 Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

- 7 By morning-light I'll seek his face,
 At noon repeat my cry,
 The night shall hear me ask his grace,
 Nor will he long deny.
- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
 Or shield me when afraid ;
 Ten thousand angels must appear
 If he command their aid.
- 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
 The Lord sustains them all ;
 My courage rests upon his word,
 That saints shall never fall.
- 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
 My lips shall spread his praise ;
 While cruel and deceitful men
 Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM LV. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Com. Metre.

Dangerous Prosperity ; or, Daily Devotions encouraged.

1. **L**ET sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death ;
 But in the worship of my God
 I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
 When morning brings the light ;
 I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord ;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

P S A L M LVI.

*Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood ; or, God's
Care of his People, in answer to Faith and Prayer.*

- 1 **O** Thou, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes the oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.
- 2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord ;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.
- 3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

- 4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults ;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.
- 5 Shall they escape without thy frown ?
Must their devices stand ?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

PAUSE.

- 6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears ;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.
- 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee ;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.
- 8 In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust ;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise ;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word,
"How righteous all thy ways."
- 10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
O set a pris'ner free !
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employed for thee.

P S A L M LVII.

Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M LVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

- 1 **J**udges, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injur'd poor before you stands ?

Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries nor tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust;
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the veng'ance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their sufferings well repay."

P S A L M LX. 1—5. 10—12.

On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
 Must we for ever mourn?
 Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
 Shall mercy ne'er return?
- 2 The terror of one frown of thine
 Melts all our strength away;
 Like men that totter drunk with wine,
 We tremble in dismay.
- 3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
 And dreads thy threat'ning hand;
 O heal the island thou hast broke,
 Confirm the wav'ring land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,
 For those that fear thy name;
 Save thy beloved with thy shield,
 And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,
 Like a confed'rate God;
 In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
 Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
 - By thine assisting hand;
 'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
 And makes the feeble stand.

P S A L M LXI. 1—6. *Safety in God.*

- 1 **W**HEN o'erwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies;
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

P S A L M LXII. 5—12.

*No trust in the Creatures : or, Faith in divine Grace
and Power.*

1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye faints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face ;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity ;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke ?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,

“ All pow’r is his eternal due ;
 “ He must be fear’d and trusted too.”

- 6 For sov’reign pow’r reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne ;
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well divide our last reward.

P S A L M LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *First part*

Common Metre.

The Morning of a Lord’s Day.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face ;
 My thirsty spirit faints away
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 I’ve seen thy glory, and thy pow’r
 Thro’ all thy temple shine ;
 My God, repeat that heav’nly hour,
 That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus till my last expiring day,
 I’ll bless my god and King :

Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

P S A L M LXIII. 6—10. *Second part.*

Common Metre

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkeſt hour.

2 My fleſh lay reſting on my bed,
My ſoul aroſe on high;
“ My God, my life, my hope, I ſaid,
“ Bring thy ſalvation nigh.”

3 My ſpirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;
But thy right hand upholds me ſtill,
While I purſue my God.

4 Thy mercy ſtretches o'er my head
The ſhadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
my tongue awakes and ſings.

5 But the deſtroyers of my peace
ſhall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter ſhall for ever ceaſe,
And all my ſins be ſlain.

6 Thy ſword ſhall give thy foes to death,
And ſend them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

P S A L M LXIII. Long Metre.

*Longing after God: or, The Love of God better
than Life.*

- 1 **G**REAT God indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God:
And I am thine by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
- 5 Nor fruits, nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passion so.
- 6 My life itself, without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight;
And adds refreshment to my bed.

- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

P S A L M LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind:
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,

And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXV. 1—5. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Public Prayer and Praise.

1 **T**HE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God ; and praise becomes thy house ;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save, when humble sinners pray ;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the Northern sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain ;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

3 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee :
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays ;
Babel, prepare for long distress,
When Sion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request ;

And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill, and own their Lord ;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

P S A L M LXV. 5—13. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

*Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea ; or, The
God of Nature and Grace.*

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears ;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror shines.

- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known,
By nature's feeble light alone.

- 3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage, and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease ;
He calms the raging croud to peace,
When a tumult'ous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

- 5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form ;
Mountains establish'd by thine hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and light'nings fly :

The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

- 7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the East, and leads the day,
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of Western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice !
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the vallies yield ;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joy.
- 11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play ;
The larger cattle, and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine,
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine ;
Thro' ev'ry month thy gifts appear ;
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

P S A L M LXV. *First Part.* Common Metre.

A prayer hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

- 1 **P**RAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee ;
There shall our vows be paid ;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.
- 3 Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In ans'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Then shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heav'n appear ;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

P S A L M LXV. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.

*The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and Sea ; or, The
Blessing of Rain.*

- 1 'TIs by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light, and ev'ning shade,
Suceffive comforts bring :
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

- 2 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

P S A L M LXV. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The Blessings of the Spring ; or, God gives Rain.

A psalm for the husbandman.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heavn'ly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs :
The meadows dress'd in all their pride
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop;
 The parching grounds look green again,
 And raise the reapers hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crown,
 How bounteous are thy ways!
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

P S A L M LXVI. *First Part.*

Governing Power and Goodness : or, Our Grace tried by Afflictions.

- 1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
 Sing with a joyful noise;
 With melody of sound record
 His honours and your joys.
- 2 Say to the Pow'r that shakes the sky,
 "How terrible art thou!
 "Sinners before thy presence fly,
 Or at thy feet they bow."
- 3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
 How glorious are his ways?
 In Moses' hand he put his rod,
 And cleaves the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
 While Isra'l pass'd the flood;
 There did the church begin their joy,
 And triumph in their God.]
- 5 He rules by his resistless might;
 Will rebel mortals dare
 Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
 And tempt that dreadful war?

- 6 O bleſs our God, and never ceaſe ;
 Ye ſaints, fulfil his praiſe ;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou haſt prov'd our ſuff'ring ſouls,
 To make our graces ſhine ;
 So ſilver bears the burning coals,
 The metal to refine.
- 8 Through wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,
 We march at thy command,
 Led to poſſeſs the promis'd place
 By thine unerring hand.

P S A L M LXVI. 13—20. *Second Part.**Praise to God for hearing Prayer.*

- 1 **N**OW ſhall my ſolemn vows be paid
 To that almighty Pow'r,
 That heard the long requests I made
 In my diſtreſſful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
 To make his mercies known ;
 Come ye that fear my God, and hear
 The wonders he hath done.
- 3 When on my head huge ſorrows fell,
 I ſought his heavenly aid ;
 He ſav'd my ſinking ſoul from hell,
 And death's eternal ſhade.
- 4 If ſin lay cover'd in my heart,
 While pray'r employed my tongue,
 The Lord had ſhewn me no regard,
 Nor I his praiſes ſung.
- 5 But God (his name be ever bleſt)
 Has left my ſpirit free,

Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

P S A L M LXVII.

The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's Increase.

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts.
And shew thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the fav'rite land.]
- 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 He the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

P S A L M LXVIII. 1—6, 32,—35. *First Part.**The Vengeance and Compassion of God.*

1 **L**ET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and veng'ance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name **JEHOVAH** sounds on high:
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye faints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress!
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Isra'l are his mercies known,
Isra'l is his peculiar throne.

- 3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
 When terrors rise, and nations faint,
 God is the strength of ev'ry faint.

PSALM LXVIII. 17, 18. *Second Part.*

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
 Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 3 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there;
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22. *Third Part.*

*Praise for Temporal Blessings; or, Common and
 special Mercies.*

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
 To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;

- He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the weary earth again ;
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our new escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the faint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love ;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joy or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,
The stubborn sinners hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas :
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love.

P S A L M LXIX. 1—14. *First Part.* Com. Met.

The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

- 1 " **S**AVE me O God, the swelling floods
" Break in upon my soul :
" I sink ; and sorrows o'er my head
" Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 " I cry till all my voice be gone,
" In tears I waste the day ;
" My God, behold my longing eyes,
" And shorten thy delay.
- 3 " They hate my soul without a cause,
" And still their number grows,
" More than the hairs around my head,
" And mighty are my foes.

- 4 “ ’Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
“ That men could never pay,
“ And gave those honours to thy law
“ Which sinners took away.”
- 5 Thus, in the great Messiah’s name,
The royal prophet mourns ;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 “ Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
“ Salvation in my name,
“ For I have borne their heavy load
“ Of sorrow, pain and shame.
- 7 “ Grief, like a garment, cloath’d me round,
“ And sackcloth was my dress,
“ While I procur’d for naked souls
“ A robe of righteousness.
- 8 “ Among’st my brethren and the Jews
“ I like a stranger stood,
“ And bore their vile reproach, to bring
“ The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 “ I came in sinful mortals stead
“ To do my Father’s will,
“ Yet when I cleans’d my Father’s house,
“ They scandaliz’d my zeal.
- 10 “ My fasting, and my holy groans
“ Were made the drunkard’s song ;
“ But God from his celestial throne
“ Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 “ He sav’d me from the dreadful deep,
“ Nor let my soul be drown’d ;
“ He rais’d and fix’d my sinking feet
“ On well establish’d ground.

- 12 “ ’Twas in a most accepted hour
 “ My pray’r arose on high,
 “ And for my sake my God shall hear
 “ The dying sinners cry.”

PSALM LXIX. 15—21, 26, 29, 32. *Second Part*

Common Metre.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear
 And mournful pleasure sing
 The suff’rings of our great High Priest,
 The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
 How high the waters rise,
 While to his heav’nly Father’s ear
 He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 “ Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
 “ Nor hide thy shining face;
 “ Why should thy fav’rite look like one
 “ Forfaken of thy grace?”
- 4 “ With rage they persecute the man,
 “ That groans beneath thy wound,
 “ While for a sacrifice I pour
 “ My life upon the ground.
- 5 “ They tread my honour to the dust,
 “ And laugh when I complain;
 “ Their sharp insulting slanders add
 “ Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 “ All my reproach is known to thee,
 “ The scandal and the shame;
 “ Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
 “ And lies defil’d my name.

- 7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain ;
 " My kindred are my grief,
 " I ask my friends for comfort round,
 " But meet with no relief.
- 8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst,
 " They give me gall for food ;
 " And sporting with my dying groans,
 " They triumph in my blood.
- 9 " Shine into my distressed soul,
 " Let thy compassions save ;
 " And tho' my flesh sink down to death,
 " Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 " I shall arise to praise thy name,
 " Shall reign in worlds unknown,
 " And thy salvation, O my God,
 " Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

*Christ's Obedience and Death : or, God glorified, and
 Sinners saved.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
 I bless my Saviour's name ;
 He bought salvation for the poor,
 And bore the sinners shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke,
 And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs
 Shall better please my God,
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
 Than goats or bullocks blood.

- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest ;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heav'n and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist th' sky,
And join t' advance thy praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God ;
Thy Son shall bless her gates :
And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thy own Isra'l waits.

P S A L M LXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's Passion and Sinner's Salvation.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restor'd :
His sorrows made thy justice known
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live :

The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

P S A L M LXIX. 7, &c. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

- 1 'TWAS for thy sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and fore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin ;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
'They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 ["My Father's house, said he, was made
"A place for worship, not for trade ;"
Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]
- 4 [Zeal for the temple of our God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood ;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]
- 5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head ;
'They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]
- 6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies ;
They nail him to the shameful tree ;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.
- 7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans ;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

- 8 But God beheld ; and from his throne
 Marks out the men that hate his Son ;
 The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
 Shall pour the veng'ance on their head.

P S A L M LXXI. 5—9. *First Part.*

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth ;
 Thine hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
 With all these limbs of mine ;
 And from my mother's painful hour
 I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year ;
 Behold my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise ;
 And round me let thy glory shine,
 Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
 When men review my days,
 They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
 In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *Second Part.*

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty friend,
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace ?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
And since I knew thy graces first,
I spake thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my king!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

P S A L M LXXI. 17——21. *Third Part.*

*The aged Christian's Prayer and Song: or, old Age, Death,
and the Resurrection.*

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd my heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart ?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a favour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove ;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love !

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds :
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief :
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign power to save ;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie bury'd deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care ;
These withering limbs with thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

P S A L M LXXII. *First Part.**The Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise:
Peace' like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

P S A L M LXXII. *Second Part**Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 [Behold the islands, with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From North to South the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in Eastern gold;
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to their King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long *Amen.*]

P S A L M LXXIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,

Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well fed flesh and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,
"While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain,
"For I am chasten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
"Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

6 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!

Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.

- 10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown :
'That blessed hand that broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

P S A L M LXXIII. 23—27. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter, and my hope,
My help for ever near :
'Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.

- 2 'Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
'Thro' this dark wilderness :
'Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
'The strength of ev'ry saint.

- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die ;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;

My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

P S A L M LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—22. Long Metre.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine !
- 2 But, O their end, their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so :
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now, let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee !
Just like a dream when men awakes !
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
Lord' 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God,

P S A L M LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Mystery of providence unfolded.

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain ;
Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,

While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Thro' all their life opression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"]

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners lives before,
But here I learn'd their end.

9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine:

I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

P S A L M LXXIV.

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution.

- 1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar:
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their pow'r.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear thy buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
"Come, let us burn at once, they cry,
"The temple and the priest.
- 7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;

Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn ;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

- 9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme !
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame ?

- 10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd ?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still with-hold thine hand ?

- 11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown
In ages long before ?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

- 12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

- 13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day ?
Didst not thou bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way ?

- 14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds ?

- 15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
 Thy sacred pow'r blaspheme !
 Will not thy hand that form'd them first
 Avenge thine injur'd name.
- 16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
 And all thy words of love ;
 Nor let the birds of prey invade
 And vex thy mourning dove.
- 17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
 And make our hope their jest ;
 Plead thy own cause, almighty God,
 And give thy children rest.

P S A L M LXXV.

Power and Government from God alone.

Applied to the glorious Revolution by King William,
 or the happy accession of King George to the throne

- 1 **T**O thee, most Holy and most High,
 To thee we bring our thankful praise ;
 Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
 Thy works of wonder and of grace.
- 2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave,
 Her frame dissolv'd ; her fears were great ;
 When God a new supporter gave
 To bear the pillars of the state.
- 3 He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
 And sware to rule by wholesome laws ;
 His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
 His arm defend the righteous cause.
- 4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride ;
 Nor lift so high their scornful head ;

But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow ;
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne ;
God, the great sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise, and make his justice known.

7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of veng'ance, mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter dreg.]

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My' lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

P S A L M LXXVI.

*Israel saved, and the Assyrian destroyed : or, God's Ven-
geance against his Enemies proceeds from his Church.*

1 **I**N Judah God of old was known,
His name in Isra'l great ;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Sion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose :
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

- 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threatening spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terror of thy rod!
Thy veng'ance who can tell?
- 7 What pow'r can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.
- 8 When God in his own sov'reign ways
Comes down to save th' oppressed,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring;
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terror shakes the proudest king,
And cuts an army down.
- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel:
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

P S A L M LXXVII. *First Part.**Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.*

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day when trouble rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
My heart began to break:
My God, thy wrath forbid my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
'Till I could speak no more;
'Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
'That might with-hold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,

Remembring what thy hand hath wrought ;
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne ;
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

P S A L M LXXVII. *Second Part.*

Comfort derived from ancient Providences : or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

1 “ **H**OW awful is thy chast'ning rod ?
“ (May thy own children say)
“ 'The great, the wise, the dreadful God !
“ How holy is his way !”

2 I'll meditate his works of old ;
The King that reigns above ;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke oppress'd ;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes ;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5 Isra'l, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls ;

- He bids them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.
- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come ;
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,
To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown ;
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.
- 8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke ;
All heav'n in light'ning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows through the sky were hurl'd,
And safe by Moses' hand
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock,
And safe by Moses' hand
Through a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

P S A L M LXXVIII. *First Part.*

*Providences of God rewarded ; or, Pious Education and
Instruction of Children.*

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known ;
His works of pow'r and grace ;

And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

P S A L M LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

*Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or, The Sins and
Chastisements of God's People.*

1 **O** What a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his revenging hand,
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd with safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;

By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd ;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand :
“ Can ye with bread our host supply
“ Amidst this desert land ?

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame ;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

P S A L M LXXVIII. *Third Part.*

*The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance : or,
Chastisement and Salvation.*

1 **W**HEN Isra'ls sins the Lord reprov'es,
And fills their hearts with dread ;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heav'nly bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treasures known ;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning show'r,
Lay thick around their feet ;
The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,
As tho' 'twere angels meat.

4 But they in murm'ring language said,
“ Manna is all our feast ;

- “ We loath this light, this airy bread ;
 “ We must have flesh to taste.
- 5 “ Ye shall have flesh to please your lust ;
 The Lord in wrath reply'd ;
 And sent them quails like sand or dust,
 Heap'd up from side to side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire
 And greedy as they fed,
 His veng'ance burnt with secret fire,
 And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
 And fought the Lord with tears ;
 Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
 But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
 'Till by his gracious hand,
 The nation he resolv'd to save,
 Possess'd the promis'd land.

P S A L M LXXVIII. 32, &c. *Fourth Part.*

*Backsliding and Forgiveness ; or, Sin punished and
 Saints saved.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, how oft did Isra'l prove
 By turns thine anger and thy love ?
 There in a glass our hearts may see
 How fickle and how false they be.
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
 The dreadful wonders God had wrought
 Then they provoke him to his face,
 Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
 And made their travels long and vain ;

A tedious march, thro' unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and fought the Lord again:
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise
As flatt'ring words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

6 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive
The men who not deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail:
The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

P S A L M LXXX.

*The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or, The Vine-
yard of God Wasted.*

1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep.

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro':
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey;
How long shall we lament and pray,

And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in Heathen lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground!
- 6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit?
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.
- 8 Return, almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

- 9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
'Till the fair Branch of promise rose.
- 10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the Tree:

11 'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand ;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With pow'r and grace above the rest.

12 O ! for his sake, attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P S A L M LXXXI. I. 8—16.

*The Warning of God to his People ; or, Spiritual
Blessings and Punishments.*

1 **S**ING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise ;
God is our strength, our Saviour God ;
Let Isra'el hear his voice.

2 “ From vile idolatry
“ Preserve my worship clean ;
“ I am the Lord who set thee free
“ From slav'ry and from sin.

3 “ Stretch thy desires abroad,
“ And I'll supply them well ;
“ But if ye will refuse your God,
“ If Israel will rebel ;

4 “ I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
“ To their own lusts a prey,
“ And let them run the dang'rous road,
“ 'Tis their own chosen way.

5 “ Yet O ! that all my saints
“ Would hearken to my voice !
“ Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
“ And bid their hearts rejoice.

- 6 “ While I destroy their foes,
 “ I’d richly feed my flock,
 “ And they should taste the stream that flows
 “ From their eternal Rock.

P S A L M LXXXII.

God the supreme Governor ; or, Magistrates warned.

- 1 **A** MONG th’ assemblies of the great,
 A greater Ruler takes his seat ;
 The God of heav’n, as judge, surveys
 Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws ?
 Or why support th’ unrighteous cause ?
 When will ye once defend the poor,
 That sinners vex the saints no more ?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know ;
 Dark are the ways in which they go ;
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,
 For they shall fall and die like men.
- 8 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
 Possess his universal throne,
 And rule the nations with his rod :
 He is our Judge, and he our God.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

A Complaint against Persecutors.

- 1 **A** ND will the God of grace
 Perpetual silence keep ?
 The God of justice hold his peace,
 And let his veng’ance sleep ?
- 2 Behold what cursed snares
 The men of mischief spread
 The men that hate thy saints, and thee,
 Lift up their threat’ning head.

- 3 Against thy hidden ones
 Their counsels they employ,
 And malice, with her watchful eye,
 Pursues them to destroy.
- 4 The noble and the base
 Into thy pastures leap;
 The lion and the stupid ass
 Conspire to vex thy sheep.
- 5 "Come, let us join, they cry,
 "To root them from the ground,
 "Till not the name of saints remain,
 "Nor mem'ry shall be found."
- 6 Awake, almighty God,
 And call thy wrath to mind;
 Give them like forests to the fire,
 Or stubble to the wind.
- 7 Convince their madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy name:
 Or else thy stubborn rage confound,
 That they may die in shame.
- 8 Then shall the nations know
 That glorious dreadful word
 JEHOVAH is thy name alone,
 And thou the sov'reign Lord.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.*The pleasure of Public Worship.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God:

- My God, my king, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee ?
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest ;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want ?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise,
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *Second Part* Long Metre.

God and his Church : or, Grace and Glory.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs :
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,

Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day :
God is our shield he guards our way,
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too !
He gives us all things, and with-holds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our king, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

P S A L M LXXXIV. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphrased in Common Metre.

Delight in Ordinances of Worship ; or, God present in his Churches.

1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
-Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great monarch of the skies
His siving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
 The secrets of thy will;
 And still we seek thy mercy there,
 And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out, for thee,
 While far from thine abode;
 When shall I tread thy courts, and see
 My saviour and my God?

- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
 And suffers no remove;
 O make me like the sparrows blest,
 To dwell but where I love.

- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
 And hear thy gracious voice,
 Exceeds a whole eternity
 Employed in carnal joys,

- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
 While Jesus is within,
 Rather than sit a throne of state,
 Or live in tents of sin.

Could I command the spacious land,
 And the more boundless sea,
 For one blest hour at thy right hand
 I'd give them both away.

P S A L M LXXXIV. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the House of God.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are!

To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires,
 To see my God.

- 2 The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks a nest,
 And wand'ring swallows long
 To find their wonted rest !

My spirit faints,
 With equal zeal,
 To rise and dwell,
 Among thy saints.

- 3 O happy souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !

They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.

- 4 They go from strength to strength,
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 'Till each arrives at length,
 'Till each in heav'n appears ;

O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

PAUSE.

- 5 To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside :

Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves :
His hand no good with-holds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls ;
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

P S A L M LXXXV. 1—8. *First Part.*

*Waiting for an Answer to prayer : or, Deliverances
begun and completed.*

1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom ;
So God forgave when Isra'l sinn'd,
And brought his wan'dring captives home.

3 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate :
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;

Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word ;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

- 4 We wait to hear what God will say ;
He'll speak, and give his people peace :
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

P S A L M LXXXV. Ver. 9, &c. *Second Part.*

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh
To souls that fear and trust the Lord :
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n :
By his obedience so complete
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,
In our Redcemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God :
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

P S A L M LXXXVI. Ver. 8—13

A general Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine ;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

The nations thou hast made, shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne ;

For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
For thou art God alone.

- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.
- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

*The Church the Birth-place of the Saints : or, Jews and
Gentiles united in the Christian Church.*

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old ?
What wonders are of Zion told ?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew :
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,

'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new born or nourish'd there !

P S A L M LXXXIX. *First Part.*

The Covenant made with Christ ; or, The true David.

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord,
Mercy and truth for ever stand
Like heav'n establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
" With thee my cov'nant first is made ;
" In thee shall dying sinners live,
" Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;
" Thy children shall be ever blest ;
" Thou art my chosen King ; thy throne
" Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 " There's none of all my sons above
" So much my image or my love ;
" Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,
" Then what can earth to thee compare ?
- 5 " David, my servant, whom I chose,
" To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
" And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
" Was but a shadow of my Son."
- 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing,
Jesus her Saviour and her King ;
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

P S A L M LXXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.*The faithfulness of God.*

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord ;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure ;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne !
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above ;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 7, &c. *Second part.**The power and Majesty of God ; or, Reverential Worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be !
How bright thine armies shine !

Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

- 3 The Northern pole and Southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from East to West
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy word the raging winds controul,
And rule the boist'rous deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in veng'ance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy grace:
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 15, &c. *Third Part.*

A blessed Gospel.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives!
Isra'l, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 19. &c. *Fourth Part.*

Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom ; or, His divine and human Nature.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known :
“ Sinners, behold, your help is laid
“ On my almighty Son.”
- 2 Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race ;
His head my holy oil o’erflows,
The spirit of my grace.
- 3 High shall he reign on David’s throne,
My people’s better King ;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.
- 4 My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side,
While in my name through earth and sea
He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 Me for his father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I’ll support my Son.
- 6 My first-born Son array’d in grace
At my right-hand shall sit ;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 My cov’nant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong ;
Firm as the heav’ns his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 30, &c. *Fifth part.*

*The Covenant of Grace unchangeable ; or, Affliction
without Rejection.*

- 1 **Y**ET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt mine anger down ;
- 2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart ;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind ;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 Once have I sworn (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.
- 5 The sun shall see his offspring rise
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.
- 6 Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Sixth Part.*
Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
“Must death for ever rage and reign?”
“Or hast thou made mankind in vain?”
- 3 “Where is thy promise to the just?”
“Are not thy servants turn’d to dust?”
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
Awake our souls and bless the Lord.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Last Part.* As
the 113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours, how short his span,
Short from the cradle to the grave.
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or pow’r to save!
- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
“The race of man was only made

“ For sickness, sorrow, and the dust !”
 Are not thy servants day by day
 Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay ?
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just ?

- 4 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
 And all his seed a heav'nly crown ?
 But flesh and sense indulge despair ;
 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a long reward,
 For all their toil, reproach, and pain ;
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
 And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

P S A L M XC. Long Metre.

Man Mortal, and God Eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

- 1 **T**HRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode :
 High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
 Or earth thy humble foot-stool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd e'er time began,
 Or dust was fashion'd to a man ;
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,
 When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity :
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just
 “ Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”

- 4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account ;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
An empty tale ; a morning flow'r
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 6 [Our age to seventy years is set ;
How short the term ! how frail the state !
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.
- 7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years !
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread ;
We fear that pow'r that strikes us dead.]
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

P S A L M XC. 1—5. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Man Frail and God Eternal.

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Ly withering ere 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

P S A L M XC. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

*Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin ; or, Life,
and Age, and Preparation for Death.*

- 1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.
- 3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song ;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone ;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.
- 7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

P S A L M XC. 13, &c. *Third Part.* Com. Metre.*Breathing after Heaven.*

1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return;
 Earth is a tiresome place:
 How long shall we thy children mourn
 Our absence from thy face?

2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
 Let sin and sorrow cease;
 And in proportion to our tears
 So make our joys increase.

4 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
 Make thy own work complete,
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,
 And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
 In all thy beauty, Lord;
 And the poor service we have done
 Meet a divine reward.

P S A L M XC. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
 Is this our mortal frame?
 Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
 - That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
 That built our body first!
 And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
 Nor will our minutes stay!
 Just like a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
 We'll keep their end in fight,
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
 And let them speed their flight,

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea;
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
 Of blest eternity.

P S A L M XCI. 1—7. *First Part.*

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
 Shall find a most secure abode;
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
 And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
 " Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
 " I that am form'd of feeble dust
 " Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
 Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
 Satan the fowler, who betrays
 Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood
 From birds of prey that seek their blood,
 Under her feathers, so the Lord
 Makes his own arm his people's guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential fire,
 God is their life, his wings are spread
 To shield them with an healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath
 Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,

Isra'l is safe : The poison'd air
Grows pure, if Isra'l's God be there.

PAUSE.

- 7 What tho' a thousand at thy side,
At thy right-hand ten thousand dy'd,
'Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Past all the doors of Jacob by.
- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
'Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

P S A L M XCI. 9—16. *Second part.*

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try, and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways ;

R 2

To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones ;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons ?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;
The tempter's wiles defeat ;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts them beneath your feet.
- 6 " Because on me they set their love,
" I'll save them, (saith the Lord),
" I'll bear their joyful souls above
" Destruction, and the sword.
- 7 " My grace shall answer when they call ;
" In trouble I'll be nigh ;
" My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die.
- 8 " Those that on earth my name have known,
" I'll honour them in heav'n ;
" There my salvation shall be shown,
" And endless life be giv'n."

P S A L M XCII. *First Part.*

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And blefs his works, and blefs his word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counfels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raife their thoughts fo high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grafs they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blaft them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I fhall fhare a glorious part,
When grace bath well refin'd my heart,
And frefh fupplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to chear my head.
- 6 Sin (my worft enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes fhall all be flain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 9 Then fhall I fee, and hear, and know,
All I defir'd or wifh'd below !
And ev'ry power find fweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M XCII 12, &c. *Second Part*

The Church is the Garden of God.

1. **L**ORD, 'tis a pleafant thing to ftand
In gardens planted by thine hand ;
Let me within thy courts be feen
Like a young cedar frefh and green.
- 2 There grow thy faints in faith and love,
Bleft with thine influence from above :
No Lebanon with all its trees
Yields fuch a comely fight as thefe.
- 3 The plants of grace fhall ever live :
(Nature decays, but grace muft thrive)

Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

- 4 Laden with fruits of age they shew
The Lord is holy just and true ;
None that attend his gate shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

P S A L M XCIII. 1st Metre. As the 100th Psalm.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns : He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might :
'The world created by his hands
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 1 But e'er this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
'Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;
'Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

P S A L M XCIII. 2d. Metre. As the old 50th Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns : he reigns on high ;
His robes of state are strength and majesty ;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word and 'stablished by his hand :
Long stood his throne e'er he began creation,
And his own godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King : thy foes in vain
 Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign :
 In vain the storms ; in vain the floods arise,
 And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;
 Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commotion,
 But heav'ns high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests rage no more ; ye floods be still,
 And the mad world submissive to his will :
 Built on his truth, his church must ever stand ;
 Firm are his promises, and strong his hand :
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,
 Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

P S A L M XCIII. 3d Metre. As the old 122d Psalm.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crown'd ;
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Begirt with sov'reign might
 And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands
 The world securely stands ;
 And skies and stars obey thy word :
 Thy throne was fix'd on high
 Before the starry sky ;
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy croud,
 Like billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine empire rage and roar ;
 In vain with angry spite
 The surly nations fight,
 And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their pow'rs engage,
 Let swelling tides assault the sky,
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down ;
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new ;
 There fix'd thy church will ne'er remove ;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.

P S A L M XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part.*

*Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed ; or, Instructive
 Afflictions.*

- 1 **O** God, to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;
 Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,
 Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, " The Lord nor sees nor hears ;
 When will the fools be wise ?
 Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ;
 Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his pow'r ;
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
 In some surprising hour
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
 Thou hast a gentler rod ;
 Thy providences and thy book
 Shall make them know their God.

- 5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw ;
Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break ;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

P S A L M XCIV. 16—23. *Second Part.*

*God our Support and Comfort ; or, Deliverance from
Temptation and Persecution.*

- 1 **W**HO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hope oppose ?
- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.
- 3 " Alas ! my sliding feet !" I cry'd,
Thy promise was my prop ;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.
- 4 When multitude of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws :
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
 Let bold blasphemers scoff;
 The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
 And cut the sinners off.

P S A L M XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's king.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
 How mean their natures seem,
 Those gods on high, and gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand;
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
 Come, kneel before his face;
 O may the creatures of his pow'r
 Be children of his grace!
- 6 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
 And waits for your request;
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
 "Ye shall not see my rest."

P S A L M XCV. Short Metre.

A Psalm before Sermon.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing :
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
 The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown :
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are his works, and not our own,
 He form'd us by his word.

4 To day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race,

6 The Lord in veng'ance drest
 Will lift his hand, and swear,
 " You that despise my promis'd rest,
 " Shall have no portion there."

P S A L M XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. Long Metre.

*Canaan lost through Unbelief; or, A Warning to de-
 lying Sinners.*

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
 A sacred song of solemn praise :

God is a sov'reign king : rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word ;
He is our shepherd, we the sheep
His mercy chose his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Ifra'el, that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That fir'd the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, " How false they prove !
" Forget my pow'r ; abuse my love,
" Since they despise my rest, I swear,
" Their feet shall never enter there."
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead ;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay,
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates ;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest :
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

P S A L M XCVI. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Christ's first and second Coming.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son ;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy thro' the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea :
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
'To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their judge appear ?

P S A L M XCVI. As the 113th Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
His glory let the Heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 'The Heathens know thy glory, Lord ;
'The wond'ring nations read thy word,
In Britain is Jehovah known ;

Our worship shall no more be paid
To God's which mortal hands have made;
Our maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there :
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties how divinely bright !
His temple how divinely fair !

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name ;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

P S A L M XCVII. 1—5. *First Part.*

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

1 **H**E reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns ;
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth support the throne :
'Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with fore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;

Then lift you heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

P S A L M XCVII. 6—9. *Second Part.**Christ's Incarnation.*

1 **T**HE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth: the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of Eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship, where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound,
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

P S A L M XCVII. *Third Part.**Grace and Glory.*

1 **T**H' Almighty reigns exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord.

Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

P S A L M XCVII. 6—9. *Second Part.*

Christ's Incarnation and the Last Judgment.

- 1 **Y**E islands of the northern sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns :
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise ;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim ;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known ;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire :
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

P S A L M XCVIII. *First Part.*

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address ;

His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

- 2 He spake the word to Abrah'm first,
His truth fulfils the grace :
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

P S A L M XCVIII. *Second Part.*

The Messiah's coming and Kingdom.

- 1 **J**OY to the world ; the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ :
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace.
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

P S A L M XCIX. *First Part.*

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

- 1 **T**HE God, Jehovah, reigns.
Let all the nations fear ;

Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord ;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine ;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name !
How terrible his praise !
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

P S A L M XCIX. *Second part.*

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet :
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race ;
And oft he made his veng'ance known
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

P S A L M C. First Metre. *A plain Translation.*

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord your sov'reign King :
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God ; 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath, and being give ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

P S A L M C. Second Metre. *A Paraphrase.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice ;
Let ev'ry land his name adore ;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.
- 2 Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men :
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

- 4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise :
And Earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M CI. Long Metre.

The Magistrates Psalm.

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song ;
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous king,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word ;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside ;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life ;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust :

The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]

- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies ;
And while the innocent I guard,
'The bold offender than't be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land ;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r shall be suppress.

P S A L M C I. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows ;
'Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now, to my tent' O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise ;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
'That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
'The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy ;
'These are the friends that I shall trust,
'The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in fly deceit,
I'll not endure a night ;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

- 6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

P S A L M CII. 1—13, 20, 21. *First part.*

A prayer of the Afflicted.

- ^e
1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag, like withering grass
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top:
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;

My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown ;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as ev'ning shadows are,
That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God ;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears his faints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

P S A L M CII. 13—21. *Second Part.*

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour :
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes ;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, "That praying breath
" Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord,

P S A L M CII. 23—28. *Third Part.*

*Man's Mortality, and Christ's Eternity; or, Saints die,
but Christ and the Church live.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
" Our Father and our Saviour live;
" Christ is the same through ev'ry age.

- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundations laid ;
 Heav'n is the building of his hand ;
 This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade,
 And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky
 Like garments shall be laid aside ;
 But still thy throne stands firm and high :
 Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
 And on thy throne thy children reign ;
 This dying world shall they survive,
 And the dead saints be rais'd again.

P S A L M CIII. 1—7. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God ;
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
 Let all the pow'rs within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
 His favours claim the highest praise :
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels,
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting life from threat'ning grave.
- 5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs :
 His mercy crowns our growing years :

He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,
And often gives the just'ners rest !
But will his justice more display
In the great last rewarding day.
- 7 [His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isra'l his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship to divine.]

P S A L M CIII. 8,—18. *Second Part.*

Long Metre.

God's gentle Chastisement ; or, His tender Mercy to his People.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways !
How firm his truth ! how large his grace !
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'n above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the West,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise !
On swifter wings salvation flies ;

And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turns !

- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion thines ;
His strokes are lighter than our sins ;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes !
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies ;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.
- 9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure ;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor childrens children hope in vain.

P S A L M CIII. 1—7. *First part.* Short Metre.

Praise for spiritual and temporal Mercies.

1 **O** Bless the Lord, my soul ;
Let all within me join,
And let my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul ;
Nor let his mercies ly

Forgotten in unthankfulness ;
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

P S A L M CIII. 8—18. *Second Part.*
Short Metre.

*Abounding Compassion of God ; or, Mercy in the midst of
Judgment.*

1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whole anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide ;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,

So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the East is from the West
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And childrens children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

P S A L M CIII. 19—22. *Third Part. Short Metre.*

God's universal Dominion; or, Angels praise the Lord.

1 **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will;
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wond'rous works
Thro' his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

P S A L M CIV.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

Note, *This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza, (viz.)*

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.

- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed:
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his veng'ance or his love.
- 4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand,
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

- 5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.
- 7 He bids the crystal fountain flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE

- 9 God, from his cloudy cistern pours
On parched earth enriching show'rs:
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various pow'r,
To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.
- 12 O bless his name, ye Britons, fed
With nature's choicest sup'porter, Bread:

While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE. II.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stand
Rais'd in the forests by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feeble creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roving ask their meat from God;
But when the morning-beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is the gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And ev'ry land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.
- 19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wond'rous motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

- 20 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

- 21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
- 22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
'Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.
- 23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign:
Life, breath and spirit, all is thine.
- 24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;

Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

- 28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd with the dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM CV. Abridged.

God's Conduct of Israel, and the Plagues of Egypt.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.
- 2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abra'm and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.
- 4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"
(Said the Almighty voice)
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
"The type of heav'nly joys."
- 5 How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!
- 6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.

- 7 " Touch mine Anointed, and my arm
 " Shall soon revenge the wrong;
 " The man that does my prophets harm
 " Shall know their God is strong."

8 *Then let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear :
 Isra'l must live through ev'ry age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.*

PAUSE. I.

- 9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
 And thus provok'd their God,
 Moses was sent at their complaints,
 Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 10 He call'd for darkness, darkness came
 Like an o'erwhelming flood;
 He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream
 To lakes and streams of blood.
- 11 He gave the sign, and noisom flies
 Thro' the whole country spread;
 And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
 About the monarch's bed.
- 12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
 The tenfold veng'ance flew;
 Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
 And hail their cattle flew.
- 13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
 The flower of Egypt dy'd;
 The strength of ev'ry house was broke,
 Their glory and their pride.
- 14 *Now let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear :*

*Isra'l must live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.*

PAUSE II.

- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground ;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.
- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 17 They thirst ; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
- 18 O wondrous stream ! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace !
So Christ our rock maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.
- 19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess
Canaan the rich, the prom's'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 20 *Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear ;
Isra'l must live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.*

P S A L M CVI. 1—5. *First Part.*

Praise to God : or, Communion with Saints.

- 1 **T**O God the great, the ever blest,
Let songs of honour be address'd.

His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee,

P S A L M CVI. *Second Part.* 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48.

Israel punished and pardoned: or, God's unchangeable Love.

1 **G**OD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways?
And yet how oft did Isra'l prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung:
But-soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults;
He hearken'd to their groans,

Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He fav'd them from their foes :
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Isra'l bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race ;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen to all the praise.

P S A L M CVII. *First Part.*

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God ; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love :
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come, shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record ;
Isra'l the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground.
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode ;
Nor food nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]
- 5 In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour, and their guide ;
He led their march far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

- 6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his ways !
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

P S A L M CVII. *Second Part.**Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same ;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord,
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer shall be found ;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
'That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ner through ;

Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord :
How great his works ! how kind his ways :
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

P S A L M CVII. *Third Part.*

*Intemperance punished and pardoned ; or, A Psalm for
the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

- 1 **V**AIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment :
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust rise !
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste ;
Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans and loaths to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat,
Nature with heavy loads opprest
Would yield to death to be releas'd.
- 4 Then how the fright'ned sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry !
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure :
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !

And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

P S A L M CVII. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre.

*Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck ; or, The
Seaman's Song.*

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind ;
Till God command, and tempest rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel !
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry :
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage ;
'Tis calm ; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
'The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

P S A L M CVII. *Fourth Part.* Com. Metre.*The Mariner's Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath,
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
- 8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!

And those that see thy wond'rous ways
Thy wond'rous love record.

P S A L M CVII. *Last Part.*

Colonies planted ; or, Nations blest and punished.

A Psalm for New England.

- 1 **W**HEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send show'ry blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they ;
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want :
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 5 Thus they are blest ; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in,
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
- 6 Their captive sons expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn :
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful band he turns ;

Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

- 8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of providence ;
And tongues of Atheists shall no more
BlaspHEME the God that saints adore.
- 9 How few with pious care record
'These wond'rous dealings of the Lord ;
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

P S A L M CIX. Ver. 1,—5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
'Thy glory is my song ;
Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
'Their peace he still pursu'd ;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes ?
Give me a soul a kin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And in my Saviour's name
 I shall defeat their pride and rage
 Who slander and condemn.

P S A L M CX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

*Christ exalted, and Multitudes converted ; or, The Success
 of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake
 To Christ the Son ; " Ascend and sit
 " At my right hand, till I shall make
 " Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 " From Zion shall thy word proceed,
 " Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 " Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 " And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 " That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
 " When saints shall flock with willing minds,
 " And sinners croud thy temple-gate
 " Where holiness in beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed pow'r ! O glorious day !
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue !
 And converts who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

P S A L M CX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore :
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 " And change from hand to hand no more.
- 2 " Aaron and all his sons must die :
 " But everlasting life is thine,

“ To save for ever those that fly
 “ For refuge from that wrath divine.

3 “ By me Melchisedek was made
 “ On earth a king and priest at once ;
 “ And thou, my heav’nly Priest, shalt plead,
 “ And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.”

4 Jesus the priest ascends his throne,
 While counsels of eternal peace,
 Between the Father and the Son,
 Proceed with honour and success.

5 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the pow’rs that dare rebel ;
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Though while he treads his glorious way,
 He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
 The suff’rings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

P S A L M CX. Common Metre.

Christ’s Kingdom and Priesthood.

1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit :
 In Zion shall thy pow’r be known,
 And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The num’rous drops of morning dew
 And own thy sov’reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc’d a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore ;
 “ Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 “ When Aaron is no more.

- 4 “ Melchisedek that wond’rous priest,
That king of high degree,
“ That holy man who Abraham blest
“ Was but a type of thee.”
- 5 Jesus our priest for ever lives,
To plead for us above :
Jesus our king for ever gives
The blessings of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the pow’rs and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

P S A L M CXI. *First Part.**The Wisdom of God in his Works*

- 2 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
And men in ev’ry age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature’s frame !
How wise th’ Eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design’d.
- 4 When he redeem’d his chosen sons,
He fix’d his cov’nant sure :
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav’nly skill proclaim :

What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?

- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

P S A L M CXI. *Second Part.*

The Perfections of God.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure :
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 5 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

P S A L M CXII. As the 113th Psalm.

The Blessings of the lib'ral Man.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd :
His house the fear of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

- 2 His lib'ral favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends :
 A gen'rous pity fills his mind ;
 Yet what his charity impairs,
 He saves by prudence in affairs,
 And thus he's just to all mankind.
- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
 His glory's future harvest sow'd :
 'The sweet remembrance of the just,
 Like a green root, revives and bears
 A train of blessings for his heirs,
 When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground :
 His conscience holds his courage up :
 'The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
 Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

- 5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
 His heart, that fix'd on God relies,
 Tho' waves and tempests roar around :
 Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies,
 And all their hope and glory drown'd.
- 6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
 And gnash their teeth in agony,
 To find their expectations cross'd,
 They and their envy, pride and spight,
 Sink down to everlasting night,
 And all their names in darkness lost.]

P S A L M CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

- 1 **T**HREE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd :
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbourhood with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.
- 4 His soul well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word ;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need ;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
 His well establish'd mind ;
 His soul to God his refuge flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of general distress
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord :
 Honour on earth, and joys above,
 Shall be his sure reward.

P S A L M CXIII. Proper tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
 The honours of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless :
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams, or setting rays,
 Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.
- 2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
 Can give his vast dominion bounds ;
 The heav'ns are far below his height :
 Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.
- 3 He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things ;
 His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And makes them company for kings.

- 4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessings of an heir
 To rescue their expiring name;
 The mother, with a thankful voice,
 Proclaims his praises and her joys:
 Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

P S A L M CXIII. Long Metre.

God Sov'reign and Gracious.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King,
 In ev'ry age his praises sing;
 Where-e'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty;
 Nor time nor place his pow'r restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels with their God compare?
 His glories how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated light!
- 4 Behold his love, he stoops to view
 What faints above and angels do;
 And condescends yet more to know
 'Tho' mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure
 His grace exalts the humble poor;
 Gives them the honour of his sons,
 And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.
- 6 [A word of his creating voice
 Can make the barren house rejoice:
 'Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
 The promis'd seed is born at last.

- 7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done :
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs ;
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

P S A L M CXIV.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

- 1 **W**HEN Isra'l, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay ;
The deep divides to make them way ; -
Jordan beheld their march and fled,
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep ;
Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;
Not Sinai on her base could stand.
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
- 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide ?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
Why did ye leap ye little hills ?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God.
The King of Isra'l : him see here :
Tremble thou earth, adore, and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns ;
Flints spring with fountains at his word, -
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

P S A L M CXV. First Metre.

The true God our Refuge : or, Idolatry reprov'd.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us and to raise our shame,
Say. "Where's the God you've serv'd so long!"
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden God.
- 5 [With eyes and ears they carve their head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind:
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray:
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 O Isra'l, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.
- 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;

But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

P S A L M CXV. Second Metre. As the new tune
of the 50th Psalm.

Popish Idolatry reprov'd.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

- 1 **N**OT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due :
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name.
Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the Heathens say, And where's your God ?
- 2 Heav'n is thine higher court : There stands thy
throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done :
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
'The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver favours, and their saints of gold.
- 3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears,
'The molten image neither sees nor hears ;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
'They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor
love !
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.
- 4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold ,
The poor content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock :
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd ! 'Tis hard to say
Which is more stupid, or their gods, or they.
O Isra'l, trust the Lord : he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace :
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly shield.

6 O Britain, trust the Lord : Thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign ;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise :
But we are sav'd, and live : let songs arise,
And Britain bless the God that built the skies.

P S A L M CXVI. *First Part.*

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord : he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan :
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord ; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away :
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray !
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 " My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,
" Thou ever good and just ;
" Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
" Thy pow'r is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bids my pains remove ;

Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears :
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

P S A L M. CXVI. 12, &c. *Second Part.*

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church ; or, Public Thanks for private Deliverance.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown !
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My offerings shall be paid ;
Their shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God !
How dear thy servants in thy fight !
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;

Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

P S A L M CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all nations.

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue ;
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land ,
Proclaim his grace abroad ;
For ever firm his truth shall stand ;
Praise ye the faithful God.

P S A L M CXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVII. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

P S A L M CXVIII. *First Part.* 6—15.*Deliverance from a Tumult.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heav'n affords its aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.
- 3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm ;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice ,
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice !
- 5 Like angry bees they girt me round ;
When God appears they fly :
So burning thorns with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.
- 6 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs ;
The Lord protects their days :
Let Isra'el tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Second Part.**Public Praise for deliverance from Death.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave ;
Now shall he live : (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

- 2 Thy praise more constant than before,
 Shall fill his daily breath ;
 Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him fore,
 Defends him still from death.
- 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
 For we shall worship there,
 The house where all the righteous go,
 Thy mercy to declare.
- 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
 Our thankful voice we raise ;
 There we have told thee our complaints,
 And there we speak thy praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Third Part.* 22, 23.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
 Which God in Zion lays,
 To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore thy name,
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain ;
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise ;
 'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
 And wond'rous in our eyes.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Fourth Part.* 24, 25, 26.

*Hosanna to the Lord's Day ; or, Christ's Resurrection,
and our Salvation.*

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Short Metre.

*An Hosanna for the Lord's Day : or, A new Song of
Salvation by Christ.*

1 **S**EE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Sion rest,
As the chief corner stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad,
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless him ye saints: He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

*An Hosanna for the Lord's day: or, A new Song of
Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious Corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse:
But God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

- 3 Sinners rejoice, and faints be glad ;
 Hofanna, let his name be blest :
 A thousand honours on his head,
 With peace and light, and glory rest !
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
 Salvation to our dying race ;
 Let the whole church address their King
 With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

P S A L M CXIX.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connection.

In some places, among the words, *law, commands, judgments, testimonies*, I have used *gospel, word, grace, truth, promises*, &c. as much agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the holy scripture.

P S A L M CXIX. *First Part.*

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
 Whose ways are right and clean ;
 Who never from thy law depart,
 But fly from ev'ry sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
 And practise thy commands ;
 With their whole heart they seek the Lord
 And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;
 How firm their souls abide !
 Nor can a bold temptation draw
 Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
 And keep my face from shame,
 When all thy statutes I obey,
 And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

- 5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
 The proud shall die accurst ;
 The sons of falshood and deceit
 Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119. 115.

- 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are :
 And those that leave thy ways
 Shall see salvation from afar,
 But never taste thy grace.

P S A L M CXIX. *Second Part.*

*Secret Devotion and spiritual-mindedness ; or, Constant
 Converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

- 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,
 My gracious God, I pray ;
 I meditate thy name by night,
 And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
 Thy promise bears me up ;
 And while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

Seven times a day I lift my hands,
 And pay my thanks to thee ;

Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

P S A L M CXIX. *Third Part.*

Professions of Sincerity, Repentance and Obedience.

Ver 57, 60.

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God.
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice :
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before mine eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy command:
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord,
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil :

And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fourth Part.*

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin :
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light
That guides us all the day ;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver 99, 100.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the sinner's road ;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

- 6 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place ;
And thine thy servants night and day
Thy skill and pow'r express.

- 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine :
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is ev'ry page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fifth Part.*

Delight in Scripture : or, The Word of God dwelling in us.

Ver. 97.

- 1 **O** How I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight :
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word !
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 2, 13, 54.

- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage ?
How well employ my tongue ?
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yield me a heav'nly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast ;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much delights my taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
Nor shall thy word be sold,

For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

P S A L M CXIX. *Sixth Part.*

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the bus'ness of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be;"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

P S A L M CXIX. *Seventh Part.*

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

Ver, 96. paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ET all the Heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could thew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no further go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.
- 5 In vain we seek perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. *Eighth Part.*

The Word of God is the Saint's Portion: or, The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.

Ver. III. paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warrest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read thy hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

P S A L M CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

*Desire of Knowledge, : or, The Teaching of the Spirit
with the Word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear !
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due,
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain ;
Grant me the teaching of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,

His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

P S A L M CXIX. *Tenth Part.*

Pleading the Promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear:
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

P S A L M CXIX. *Eleventh Part.**Breathing after Holiness.*

Ver. 5, 33.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere:
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

Ver 176.

- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

P S A L M CXIX. *Twelfth Part.**Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.*

- 1 **M**Y God, consider my distrest,
 Let mercy plead my cause;
 Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
 I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 139. 116.

- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
 Which I so justly fear;
 Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
 Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
 Nor let the proud oppress,
 But make thy waiting servant see
 The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

- 4 Mine eyes with expectation fail,
 My heart within me cries,
 "When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
 "And make my comforts rise?"

Ver. 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
 And shew thy grace the same,
 As thou art ever wont t'afford
 To those that love thy name.

P S A L M CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.**Holy Fear, and Tenderneſs of Conſcience.*

Ver. 10.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've ſought thy face
 O let me never ſtray
 From thy commands, O God of grace,
 Nor tread the finners way.

Ver. 11.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 138.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

- 5 My heart with sacred rev'ence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 172.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fourteenth Part.**Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.*

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;

Afflictions make me learn thy law
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins ;
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrows weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe ;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fifteenth Part.*

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind :
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15. 16.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ :
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word.
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
 If thou my heart discharge
 From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
 And set my feet at large?

Ver. 13, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
 Thy statutes and thy name;
 I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,
 Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
 To rob me of my right,
 Let pride and malice forge their lies,
 Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
 Whose hands and hearts are ill;
 I love my God, I love his ways,
 And must obey his will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Sixteenth Part.**Prayer for quickening Grace.*

Ver. 25, 37.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust;
 Lord, give me life divine;
 From vain desires, and ev'ry lust
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
 To speed me in the way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Thy word that I have rested on
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

- 4 Arc not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. *Seventeenth Part.*

*Courage and Perseverance under Persecution ; or, Grace
shining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

- 1 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word ;
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

- 2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws :
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

P S A L M CXIX. *Last Part.**Sanctified Afflictions ; or, Delight in the Word of God.*

Ver. 67, 59.

1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
 How kind was thy chastising rod,
 That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wand'ring soul to God !

2 Foolish and vain I went astray
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
 I left my Guide, and lost my way ;
 But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to bear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more
 Than all the treasures of the South,
 Or Western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
 Thy Spirit form'd my soul within ;
 Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
 And guard me free from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
 At my salvation shall rejoice :
 For I have hoped in thy word,
 And made thy grace my only choice.

P S A L M CXX.

*Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbours ; or, A devout Wish
 for Peace.*

1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever blest,
 Pity my suff'ring state ;

- When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit !
- 2 Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.
- 3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choode to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell !
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms !
I am for peace ; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms..
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong ;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue !
- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve ;
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

P S A L M CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives ; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made ;
And the dark regions of the dead.

- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bleſs all the day;
Heſ preads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
'The ſilent hours while Iſra'el ſleeps.
- 4 Iſra'el, a name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
'Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no ſlumber nor ſurpriſe.
- 5 No ſun ſhall ſmite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with ſickly ray
Shall blaſt thy couch; no baleful ſtar
Dart his malignant fire ſo far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return.
Safe in the Lord! his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry ſnare.
- 7 On thee foul ſpirits have no pow'r;
And in thy laſt departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre.

Preſervation by Day and Night.

1. **T**O heaven I liſt my wand'ring eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and ſkies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep:
His ear attends the ſoſteſt call;
His eyes can never ſleep.
- 3 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs
With his almighty arm,

And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

- 4 Isra'l rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

P S A L M CXXI. As the 148th Psalm.

God our Preserver.

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all mine aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God my guard and guide
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Isra'l keep
When dangers rise.

- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death !
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath :
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

P S A L M CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to Church.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
" And keep the solemn day !"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair ;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints !
And while his awful voice

Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest !
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains,
Where my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

P S A L M CXXII. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
" Come, let us seek our God to day ;"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We hast to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there :
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,

To bless the soul of ev'ry guest ;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase
 A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
 " Peace to this sacred house !"
 For there my friends and kindred dwell ;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.
Repeat the 4th stanza, to complete the tune.

P S A L M CXXIII.

Pleading with Submission.

- 1 **O** THOU whose grace and justice reign
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 As servants watch their master's hand,
 And fear the angry stroke !
 Or maids before their mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful look :
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel
 Thy discipline, O God ;
 Yet wait the gracious moment still,
 Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
 Our daily groans deride,
 And thy delays of mercy give
 Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
 In thy compassion lies ;
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,
 That God will not despise.

P S A L M CXXIV.

A Song for the Fifth of November.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may Isra'l say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide ;
- 2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies ;
He that upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

P S A L M CXXV. Common Metre

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That ev'ry saint surround.

A a

- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
 To drive them near to God,
 Divine compassion does allay
 The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright gate of paradise,
 Where Christ their Lord is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked ways
 That the old serpent drew,
 The wrath that drove him first to hell
 Shall smite his followers too.

P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety: or, Moderated Afflictions.

- 1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they
 That rest their souls on God;
 Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
 Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
 The city's sacred ground,
 So God and his Almighty love
 Embrace his saints around.
- 3 What tho' the Father's rod
 Drop a chastising stroke,
 Yet lest it wound their souls too deep,
 Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord with those
 Whose faith and pious fear,
 Whose hope and love, and ev'ry grace,
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the faint ;
The God of Isra'l will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

P S A L M CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surprising Deliverance.

1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme ;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name ;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so ;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

P S A L M CXXVI. Common Metre.

*The Joy of a remarkable Conversion ; or, Melancholy
removed.*

1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine:
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of God on the Business and Comforts of Life.

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread.

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;
 He can make rich, yet give us rest :
 Children and friends are blessings too,
 If God our sov'reign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends :
 How sweet our daily comforts prove
 When they are season'd with his love!

P S A L M CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

1 **I**F God to build the house deny,
 The builders work in vain ;
 And towns, without his wakeful eye,
 An useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning-beams arise,
 Your painful work renew,
 And till the stars ascend the skies
 Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;
 In vain till God has blest :
 But if his smiles attend your care,
 You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
 Shall real blessings prove,
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
 If sent without his love.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

Family Blessings.

1 **O**HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
 With zeal and rev'rend awe !
 His lips to God their honours yield,
 His life adorns the law.

- 2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head.
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come ;
The Lord who dwells at Zion's hill
Shall send thee blessings home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

P S A L M CXXIX.

Persecutors punished.

- 1 **U**P from my youth, may Isra'l say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears ;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife ;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel plow hath torn my flesh,
With furrows long and deep ;
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye

Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

- 5 How was their insolence surpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll !
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky ;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.
- 7 [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath ;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]
- 8 [So corn that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives ;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.
- 9 It springs and withers on the place ;
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

P S A L M CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear,
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

- 3 But there are pardons with my God
 For crimes of high degree ;
 Thy Son has bought them with his blood
 To draw us near to thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
 With strong desires I wait ;
 My soul, invited by thy word,
 Stands watching at thy gate.]
- 5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
 Long for the morning skies,
 Watch the first beams of breaking light,
 And meet them with their eyes :
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
 And more intent than they,
 Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
 And finds a brighter day.]
- 7 Then in the Lord let Isra'l trust,
 Let Isra'l seek his face ;
 The Lord is good as well as just,
 And plenteous is his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne
 For sinners long enslav'd ;
 The great Redeemer is his son :
 And Isra'l shall be sav'd.

P S A L M CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
 To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries :
 If thou severely mark our faults,
 No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace
 Free to dispense thy pardons there,

That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate :
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
'Thro' the redemption of his Son :
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

P S A L M CXXXI.

Humility and Submission.

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God and see ;
Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward :
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

P S A L M CXXXI. 5, 13—18. Long Metre.

At the Settlement of a Church : or, The Ordination of a Minister

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find
An habitation for our God.
A dwelling for th' eternal Mind
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood ?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his antient rest ;
And Zion is his dwelling still ;
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord ;
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread :
Sinners that wait before my door
With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers, shall shine :
Not Aaron in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing ;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.
- 7 [Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious name ;
His crown shall flourish on his head
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.]

P S A L M CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. Com. Met.

A Church established.

- 1 [**N**O sleep nor slumber to his eyes
 Good David would afford,
 Till he had found below the skies
 A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
 His ark was settled there :
 To Zion the whole nation came,
 To worship thrice a-year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad ;
 Where'er thy saints assemble now
 There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

- 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest,
 Lo ! thy church waits with longing eye,
 Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and thy Word :
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
 Here let thy praise be spread :
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.
- 7 Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine ;
 Justice and truth his court maintain,
 With love and pow'r divine.

- 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
 And as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

LO, what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren that agree,
 Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of piety!

2. When streams of love from Christ the spring
 Descend to every soul,
 And heavenly peace with balmy wing
 Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
 On Aaron's rev'rend head,
 The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
 And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
 That fall on Zion's hill,
 Where God his mildest glory shews,
 And makes his grace distil.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship in a Family

1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.

- 2 Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet,
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
 Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above.
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

P S A L M CXXXIII. As the 122d Psalm.

The Blessings of Friendship.

1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet,
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain
That water all the plain
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love like friendly dew distils.

Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune

P S A L M CXXXIV.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place,

Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And blefs his wond'rous grace.

- 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And fend your souls on high;
Raife your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the starry sky.
- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God that spread the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—21. *First Part.*
Long Metre.

The Church is God's House and Care.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye faints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Isra'l he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his faints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servant rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Blefs ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name:

Amongst his saints he ever dwells ;
His church is his Jerufalem.

P S A L M CXXXV. 5—12. *Second Part.*

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all pow'rs, and ev'ry throne ;
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapours rise,
The light'nings flash, the thunders roar ;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
And tempest from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land ;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Isra'el, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.
- 5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell :
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

P S A L M CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increas'ing with the praise.

- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown
Are his divine employ ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand ;
He bids the vapours rise ;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone ;
But Heathen Gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them show'rs of rain ?
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave ;
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have pow'r to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray ;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 O Britain, know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear ;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

P S A L M CXXXVI. Common Metre.

*God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of
Israel, and Salvation of his People.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God the sov'reign Lord ;
" His mercies still endure."

And be the King of kings ador'd,

" His truth is ever sure."

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !

" How mighty is his hand !"

Heav'n, earth and sea, he fram'd alone :

" How wide is his command !"

3 The sun supplies the day with light :

" How bright his counsels shine !"

The moon and stars adorn the night :

" His works are all divine."

4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead :

" How dreadful is his rod !"

And thence with joy his people led :

" How gracious is our God !"

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two :

" His arm is great in might :"

And gave the tribes a passage thro' ;

" His pow'r and grace unite."

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd ;

" How glorious are his ways !"

And brought his saints thro' desert ground :

" Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;

" Victorious is his sword ;"

While Isra'l took the promis'd land :

" And faithful is his word."]]

8 He saw the nations dead in sin ;

" He felt his pity move :"

How sad the state the world was in !

" How boundless was his love !"

9 He sent to save us from our woe ;

" His goodness never fails ;"

From death, and hell, and ev'ry foe ;
And still his grace prevails."

10 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly king ;

" His mercies still endure"

Let the whole earth his praises sing ;

" His truth is ever sure."

P S A L M CXXXVI. As 148th Psalm.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord !

The sov'reign King of kings ;

And be his grace ador'd.

" His pow'r and grace

" Are still the same ;

" And let his name

" Have endless praise."

2 How mighty is his hand !

What wonders hath he done !

He form'd the earth and seas,

And spread the heav'ns alone.

" Thy mercy, Lord,

" Shall still endure ;

" And ever sure

" Abides thy word."

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun

To crown the day with light ;

The moon and twinkling stars,

To cheer the darksome night.

" His pow'r and grace

" Are still the same ;

" And let his name

" Have endless praise."

4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt dead ;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,

“ Shall still endure ;

“ And ever sure

“ Abides thy word.”

5 His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red-Sea in two ;
And for his people made
A wond'rous passage thro'.

“ His pow'r and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name

“ Have endless praise.”

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd,
And brought his Isra'l safe
Thro' a long desert ground.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,

“ Shall still endure ;

“ And ever sure

“ Abides thy word.”

PAUSE.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand ;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.

“ His pow'r and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name

“ Have endless praise.”]

- 8 He saw the nations lie
 All perishing in sin,
 And pity'd the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in.
 " Thy mercy Lord,
 " Shall still endure;
 " And ever sure
 " Abides thy word.
- 9 He sent his only Son
 To save us from our woe,
 From Satan, sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful foe.
 " His pow'r and grace
 " Are still the same;
 " And let his name
 " Have endless praise.
- 10 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heav'nly King;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.
 " Thy mercy Lord,
 " Shall still endure;
 " And ever sure
 " Abides thy word."

P S A L M CXXXVI. Abridged. Long Metre.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise!
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;
 " Wonders of grace to God belong,
 " Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown;
 " His mercies ever shall endure
 " When lords and kings are known no more.

- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
“ Wonders of grace to God belong,
“ Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
“ His mercies ever shall endure,
“ When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land :
“ Wonders of grace to God belong,
“ Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within :
“ His mercies ever shall endure,
“ When death and sin shall reign no more.
- 7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt and darknets, and the grave ;
“ Wonders of grace to God belong,
“ Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
“ His mercies ever shall endure,
“ When this vain world shall be no more.”

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

- 1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 Angels that make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotions there :

While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.
- 4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.
- 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.
- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The All-seeing God.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro',
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand,
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am furrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
 What large extent ! what lofty height !
 My soul with all the pow'rs I boast
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 " O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 " Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
 " Nor let my weaker passions dare
 " Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE I.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit thy service and thy love,
 Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
 Or from thy dreadful glory run !
- 7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;
 Or dive to hell, there veng'ance reigns,
 And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 8 If mounted on a morning ray
 I fly beyond the Western Sea,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
 Beneath the spreading veil of night,
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.
- 10 " O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 " Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !

“ Nor let my weaker passions dare

“ Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE II.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee ;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 “ O may these thoughts possess my breast,
“ Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
“ Nor let my weaker passions dare
“ Consent to sin, for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Wonderful Formation of Man.

- 1 'T WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame ;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And earth proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;
'Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)
Was copy'd with unerring art.
- 4 At last to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,

And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man;
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace,

- 8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

*Sincerity profess'd, and Grace tried: or, The heart-
searching God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

- 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Tho' my own heart accuse me not

Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?
Do I indulge some unknown sin ?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.

God is every where.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge deep and high !
Where can a creature hide !
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
'To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown !

In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape thy wrath divine,
Thy voice could break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 8 If wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee :
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,
From which I cannot flee.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy works ; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possessest,
Where unborn nature grew ;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew ;
- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part ;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
 Shew me thy wond'rous skill;
 But I review myself and find
 Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
 My flesh proclaims thy praise;
 Lord, to thy works of nature join
 Thy miracles of grace.

P S A L M CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. *Third Part.*
 Common Metre.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
 They strike me with surprise;
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
 The product of thy skill,
 And hourly blessings from thy hands
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
 How kind, how dear to me!
 O may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with thee.

P S A L M CXLI. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,
 And let my nightly worship rise
 Sweet like the ev'ning sacrifice.

- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way;
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

P S A L M CXLII.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.
- 3 On ev'ry side, I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers past me by
Neglected or unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,

And make my foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty Friend.

- 6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

P S A L M CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hand to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God for ever hide his love?

- 7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice!
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
Flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain,
And flesh that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

P S A L M CXLIV. 1, 2, *First Part.**Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.*

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,

Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.

- 3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

P S A L M CXLIV. 3, 4, 5, 6. *Second Part.*

The vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first ?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

- 2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace !

- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wond'rous is his love !

P S A L M CXLIV. 12,—15. *Third Part.*

Grace above Riches ; or, The happy Nation.

- 1 **H**APPY the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

- 2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase ;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those

On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

P S A L M CXLV. Long Metre.

The Greatness of God.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days :
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift ; thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine ;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise :
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

P S A L M CXLV. 1—7, 11—13. *First Part.*

The Greatness of God.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;

My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great :
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise,
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known ;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

P S A L M CXLV. 7, &c. *Second Part.*

The Goodness of God.

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
'To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

P S A L M CXLV. 14, 17, &c. *Third Part.*

Mercy to Sufferers ; or, God hearing Prayer.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere :

He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain ;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
“ They sought his aid in vain.”]

7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

P S A L M CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine ;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Isra'l's God : He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure :
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell :
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust :
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Isra'ls God : He made the sky,
 And earth and seas, with all their train ;
 His truth for ever stands secure :
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 5 He loves his faints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell :
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
 In this exalted work engage :
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

P S A L M CXLVII. *First Part.*

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise :
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to his name :
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names :
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might :
 And all his glories infinite :
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds all round the sky

There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb!
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

P S A L M. CXLVII. *Second Part.*

Summer and Winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

1 **O** Britain, praise thy mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad:
He bid the ocean round thee flow:
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

2 Thy children are secure and blest!
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains:
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strows the ground;
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound;
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold!

- 5 He bids the southern breezes blow ;
 The ice dissolves, the waters flow :
 But he hath nobler works and ways
 To call the Britons to his praise.
- 6 To all the isle his laws are shown ;
 His gospel through the nation known ;
 He hath not thus reveal'd his word
 To ev'ry land : Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVII. 7—9, 13—18. Com. Met.

The Seasons of the Year.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud
 Address the Lord on high ;
 Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessing down
 To cheer the plains below ;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry ;
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year ;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wint'ry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground :
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high
 He pours the rattling hail,

The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

- 7 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn :
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

- 1 **Y**E tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high
And clouds that fly
In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord

- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

- 5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

- 6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

- 7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear ;

Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

3 Ye kings, and judges, fear,
The Lord, the sov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

9 Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue,
In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love;
While earth and sky,
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

P S A L M CXLVIII. *Paraphrased in Long Metre.*

Universal Praise to God.

1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;

et heav'n begin the solemn word,
 nd found it dreadful down to hell.

*Note, This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old
 112th, or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to e-
 very stanza, (viz.)*

Each of his works his name displays,
 But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

*Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the
 Long Metre.*

- 2 The Lord ! how absolute he reigns !
 Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ;
 Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
 And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
 An awful throne of shining bliss :
 Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
 How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
 In sounds of dreadful praise declare :
 And the sweet whisper of his name
 Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
 To join their praise with blazing fire ;
 Let the firm earth and rolling sea,
 In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his skill ;
 Valleys lie low before his eye :
 And let his praise from ev'ry hill
 Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
 Bend your high branches and adore :
 Praise him, ye beatts, in diff'rent strains :
 The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you :
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up and mean his praises too.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings ?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings !
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word !
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue !
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord ;
From all below, and all above,
Lord hallelujahs to the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God :
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame ;
By his command they stand or move
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs or snow,
Ye thunders marm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above,
His honours be exprest,
But saints that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear:
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that drest you so.

12 By all the earth-born race
 His honours be exprest,
 But faints that know his heav'nly grace
 Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
 Praise ye th' eternal King;
 Judges adore that sov'reign hand,
 Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vigorous youth engage
 To sound his praises high;
 While growing babes and withering age
 Their feeble voices try.

15 United zeal be shown,
 His wond'rous fame to raise;
 God is the Lord: his name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
 And all pronounce him blest,
 But faints that dwell so near his heart,
 Should sing his praises best.

P S A L M CXLIX.

*Praise God, all his Saints: or, The Saints judging the
 World.*

1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
 And let your songs be new;
 Amidst the church with cheerful voice,
 His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
 Shall their Redeemer sing,
 And Gentile nations join the praise,
 While Zion owns her King.

- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints shall be joyful in their King
Ev'n on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword:
And veng'ance shall attend their songs,
The veng'ance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dare rebel:
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.
- 8 The royal sinners bound in chains
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

P S A L M CL. 1, 2, 6.

A Song of Praise.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre. *Where the tune includes two stanzas.*

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

E c

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bleſs the Spirit too.

As the 113th Pfalm.

NOW to the great and ſacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praiſe and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the ſaints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Pfalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raiſe ;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praiſe ;
With all our pow'rs
Eternal King,
Thy name we ſing
While faith adores.

THE END.

An INDEX, or TABLE, to find a PSALM suited to particular SUBJECTS or Oc- CASIONS.

Note, In this Table I have not directed to the several Parts or Metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a confusion of figures. What is sought in any Psalm, may easily be found by turning a leaf or two backward or forward, to the distinct Parts or Metres.

If you find not what word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same signification: or, seek it under one of the more general words, such as, God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, &c.

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We love thee Lord, and we adore,	45
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When Christ to judgment shall descend,	111
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When God provoked with daring crimes,	235
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When pain and anguish seize me, Lord,	269
When the great Judge supreme and just,	27
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Yet (saith the Lord) if David's race,	187

THE END.

H Y M N S,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS,
IN
T H R E E B O O K S;

- I. Collected from the Scriptures,
II. Composed on Divine Subjects,
III. Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

BY I. WAITS, D. D.

TWENTY-THIRD EDITION.

And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c. Rev. 5. 9.

Soliti essent, (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere. Plinius in Epist.

L O N D O N :
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1793.



THE
P R E F A C E.

WHILE we sing the praises of our God in his church, we are employed in that part of worship which of all others is the nearest akin to heaven; and it is a pity that this, of all others, should be performed the worst upon earth. The gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly state than all the former dispensations of God amongst men: And in these last days of the gospel, we are brought almost within sight of the kingdom of our Lord; yet we are very much unacquainted with the songs of the *New Jerusalem*, and unpractised in the work of praise. To see the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless air that sits upon the faces of a whole assembly, while the psalm is on their lips, might tempt even a charitable observer to suspect the fervency of inward religion; and it is much to be feared, that the minds of most of the worshippers are absent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching in the best churches, still want some degrees of reformation; nor are the methods of prayer so perfect, as to stand in need of no correction or improvement: but, of all our religious solemnities, *psalmody* is the most unhappily managed: that very action, which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensation, doth not only flat our devotion, but too often awaken our regret, and touches all the springs of unreason within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great occasion of this evil, arises from the matter and words to which we confine all our songs. Some of them

are almost opposite to the spirit of the gospel; many of them foreign to the state of the New Testament, and widely different from the present circumstances of Christians. Hence it comes to pass, that when spiritual affections are excited within us, and our souls are raised a little above this earth in the beginning of a psalm, we are checked on a sudden in our ascent towards heaven, by some expressions that are most suited to the days of *carnal ordinances*, and fit only to be sung in the *worldly sanctuary*. When we are just entering into an evangelic frame, by some of the glories of the gospel presented in the brightest figures of *Judaism*, yet the very next line perhaps which the clerk parcels out unto us, hath something in it so extremely *Jewish* and cloudy, that darkens our sight of God the Saviour. Thus, by keeping too close to *David* in the house of God, the veil of *Moses* is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love by the meditations of the *living kindness of God*, and the *multitude of his tender mercies*, within a few verses some dreadful curse against men is proposed to our lips: That *God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteousness, but blot them out of the book of the living*, Psal. lxxix. 26. 27, 28. which is so contrary to the new commandment of *loving our enemies*; and even under the Old Testament is best accounted for, by referring it to the spirit of prophetic vengeance. Some sentences of the *Psalmist*, that are expressive of the temper of our own hearts, and the circumstances of our lives, may compose our spirits to seriousness, and allure us to a sweet retirement within ourselves, but we meet with a following line, which so peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of *David*, or of *Asaph*, that breaks off our song in the midst; our consciences are affrighted, lest we should speak a falsehood unto God:

Thus

Thus the powers of our souls are shocked on a sudden, and our spirits ruffled, before we have time to reflect that this may be sung only as a history of ancient saints; and perhaps, in some instances, that salvo is hardly sufficient neither: Besides, it almost always spoils the devotion, by breaking the uniform thread of it: For while our lips and our hearts run on sweetly together, applying the words to our own case, there is something of divine delight in it; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips speak nothing but the heart of *David*. Thus our own hearts are, as it were, forbid the pursuit of the song, and then the harmony and the worship grow dull of mere necessity.

Many ministers, and many private Christians, have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wished, rather than attempted a reformation. At their importunate and repeated requests, I have, for some years past, devoted many hours of leisure to this service, Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the book of Psalms in public worship; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself. It is the most artful, most devotional, and divine collection of poesy; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven, than some parts of that book; never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written, and so justly revered and admired: But it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days, to assume as its own: There are also many deficiencies of light and glory, which our Lord *Jesus*, and his apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament; and with this advantage I have composed these spiritual songs, which are now presented to the world. Nor is the attempt vain glo-

rious or presuming; for in respect of clear evangelical knowledge, *The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than all the Jewish prophets*, Matth. xi. 11.

Now let me give a short account of the following composures.

The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the gospel, and the most common affairs of Christians. I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons, either of private or of public worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the blessed Spirit; all conversing with God the Father by the new and living way of access to the throne, even the person and mediation of our Lord *Jesus Christ*. To him also, even to the *Lamb that was slain, and now lives*, I have addressed many a song; for thus doth the holy scripture instruct and teach us to worship, in the various short patterns of Christian *psalmody* described in the *Revelations*. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of Christianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and *sing his praises with understanding*, Psal. xlvii. 7. The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties are secluded, that whole assemblies might assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence.

If any expressions occur to the reader, that favour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may

may observe, these are generally such as are capable of an extensive sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think it is most agreeable, that what is provided for public singing, should give to sincere consciences as little disturbance as possible. However, where any displeasing word is found, he that leads the worship may substitute a better, for (blessed be God) we are not confined to the words of any man in our public solemnities.

The whole book is written in four sorts of metre, and fitted to the most common tunes. I have seldom permitted a stop in the middle of a line, and seldom left the end of a line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy mixture of reading and singing, which cannot presently be reformed. The metaphors are generally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have aimed at ease of numbers and smoothness of sound, and endeavoured to make the sense plain and obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so. Some of the beauties of poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced; I have thrown out the lines that were too sonorous, and have given an allay to the verse, lest a more exalted turn of thought or language should darken or disturb the devotion of the weakest souls. But hence it comes to pass, that I have been forced to lay aside many hymns after they were finished, and utterly exclude them from this volume, because of the bolder figures of speech that crowded themselves into the verse, and a more unconfined variety of number, which I could not easily restrain.

These, with many other divine and moral compositions, are now printed in a second edition of the poems entitled, *Hæc Lyrica*; for, as in that book

I have endeavoured to please and profit the politer part of mankind, without offending the plainer sort of Christians, so in this it has been my labour to promote the pious entertainments of souls truly serious, even of the meanest capacity, and at the same time (if possible) not to give disgust to persons of richer sense, and nicer education; and I hope, in the present volume, this end will appear to be pursued with much greater happiness than in the first impression of it, though the world assures me the former has not much reason to complain.

The whole is divided into three books.

In the *first*, I have borrowed the sense, and much of the form of the song, from some particular portions of scripture, and have paraphrased most of the doxologies in the New Testament, that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical; and many parts of the Old Testament, also, that have a reference to the times of the *Messiah*. In these I expect to be often censured for a too religious observance of the words of scripture, whereby the verse is weakened and debased, according to the judgment of the critics: But as my whole design was to aid the devotion of Christians, so more especially in this part: And I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two ends, *viz.* assist the worship of all serious minds, to whom the expressions of scripture are ever dear and delightful, and gratify the taste and inclination of those who think nothing must be sung unto God but the translations of his word. Yet you will always find in this paraphrase dark expressions enlightened, and the *Levitical* ceremonies and *Hebrew* forms of speech changed into the worship of the gospel, and explained in the language of our time and nation; and what would not bear such an alteration, is omitted and laid aside. After this manner should I
rejoice

rejoice to see a good part of the book of *Psalms* fitted for the use of our churches, and *David* converted into a Christian: But because I cannot persuade others to attempt this glorious work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin, and have, through divine goodness, already proceeded half way through.

The *second part* consists of hymns, whose form is of mere human composition; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part; but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection; and the light exceeded the heat: Yet, I hope, in many of them, the reader will find, that devotion dictated the song, and the head and hand are nothing but interpreters and secretaries to the heart: Nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figures comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and sixty-eighth *Psalms*, several chapters of *Jeh*, and other poetical parts of scripture: And in this respect I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to the holy Bible.

I have prepared the *third part* only for the celebration of the Lord's supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we might sing an hymn after
we

we have partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find some paraphrases of scripture, and some other compositions. There are above an hundred hymns in the two former parts, that may very properly be used in this ordinance, and sometimes, perhaps, appear more suitable than any of these last : But there are expressions generally used in these, which confine them only to the table of the Lord ; and therefore, I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord who inhabits the praises of *Israel*, shall refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody amongst the churches, yet I humbly hope, that his blessed Spirit will make these compositions useful to private Christians ; and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation of my labours : My heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and view in the first publication ; and it is now my duty to acknowledge to him with thankfulness, how useful he has made these compositions already to the comfort and edification of societies, and of private persons : And upon the same grounds I have a better prospect, and a bigger hope of much more service to the church, by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in *Zion* shall favour it with his continued blessing.

Note, In all the longer Hymns, and in some of the shorter, there are several Stanzas included in Crotchets, thus, [] ; which Stanzas may be left out in singing, without disturbing the sense. Those parts are also included in such Crotchets, which contain
words

words too poetical for meaner understandings, or too particular for whole congregations to sing. But after all, it is best, in public Psalmody, for the minister to chuse the particular parts and verses of the Psalm or Hymn that is to be sung, rather than leave it to the judgment or casual determination of him that leads the tune.

Note, Since the Sixth Edition of this Book, the Author has finished what he had so long promised, viz. The Psalms of David, imitated in the Language of the New Testament; which the World seems to have received with approbation, by the sale of some thousands in a year's time. It is presumed, that that book, in conjunction with this, may appear to be such a sufficient provision for psalmody, as to answer most occasions of the Christian's Life: And if an Author's own Opinion may be taken, he esteems it the greatest work that ever he has published, or ever hopes to do, for the use of the churches.

March 3. 1720.

A T A B L E,

To find any Hymn by the first Line.

Note, The Letters a, b, c, denote the Ist, IId, or
IIId Book: The Figures direct to the Hymn.

A	B	H.
A DORE and tremble, for our God	a	42
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed	b	9
All mortal vanities be gone	a	25
And are we wretches yet alive	b	105
And must this body die	b	110
And now the scales have left mine eyes	b	81
Arise my soul, my joyful pow'rs	b	82
At thy command, our dearest Lord	c	19
Attend while Gods exalted Son	b	130
Awake, my heart, arise my tongue	a	20
Awake, our souls, away our fears	a	48
Away from every mortal care.	b	123

B	a	b	c	H.
Backward with humble shame we look	a			57
Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme	b			69
Behold how sinners disagree	a			131
Behold the blind their sight receive	b			137
Behold the glories of the Lamb	a			1
Behold the grace appears	a			3
Behold the potter and the clay	a			117
Behold the rose of <i>Sharon</i> here	a			68
Behold the woman's promis'd seed	b			135
Behold the wretch whose lust and wine	a			123
				Behold

B. H.

Behold what wond'rous grace	a 64
Bless'd are the humble souls that see	a 102
Bless'd be the everlasting God	a 26
Bless'd be the Father and his love	c 26
Bless'd is the man whose cautious feet	a 31
Bless'd morning ! whose young dawning rays	b 72
Bless'd with the joys of innocence	b 128
Blood has a voice that moves the skies	b 118
Bright King of glory, dreadful God	b 51
Broad is the road that leads to death	b 158
Bury'd in shadows of the night	a 97
But few among the carnal wise	a 96

C

Can creatures to perfection find	b 170
<i>Christ</i> and his cross is all our theme	a 119
Come, all harmonious tongues	b 84
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	a 135
Come, happy souls, approach your God	b 103
Come, hither all ye weary souls	a 127
Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove	b 34
Come, let us join a joyful tune	c 8
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	a 62
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes	b 108
Come, let us lift our voices high	c 21
Come, we that love the Lord	b 30

D

Daughters of <i>Zion</i> , come, behold	a 72
Dear Lord, behold our sore distress	b 163
Dearest of all names above	b 148
Death cannot make our souls afraid	b 49
Death may dissolve my body now	a 27
Death ! 'tis a melancholy day	b 52
Deceiv'd by subtle snares of hell	a 107
Deep in the dust before thy throne	a 124
Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove	b 23

B

Do.

	B.	H.
Do we not know that solemn word	a	122
Down headlong from their native skies	b	96
Dread Sov'reign, let my evening song	b	7
E.		
Ere the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad	a	2
Eternal Sov'reign of the sky	b	149
Eternal Spirit, we confess	b	133
F.		
Faith is the brightest evidence	a	120
Far from my thoughts, vain world, &c.	b	15
Father, I long, I faint to see	b	68
Father, we wait to feel thy grace	c	24
Firm and unmov'd are they	a	23
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands	a	138
From heav'n the sinning angels fell	b	97
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise	b	75
G.		
<i>Gentiles</i> by nature, we belong	a	114
Give me the wings of faith to rise	b	140
Glory to God the Trinity	c	29
Glory to God that walks the sky	b	59
Glory to God the Father's name	c	27
God is a Spirit just and wise	a	136
God of the morning, at whose voice	a	79
God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice	b	50
God, the eternal awful name	b	27
God, who in various methods told	a	53
Go preach my gospel, faith the Lord	a	128
Go worship at <i>Immanuel's</i> feet	a	146
Great God ! how infinite art thou	b	67
Great God ! I own thy sentence just	a	6
Great God ! thy glories shall employ	b	167
Great God ! to what a glorious height	b	112
Great King of glory and of grace	b	159
Great was the day, the joy was great	b	144
	H.	

H.	B.	H.
Had I the tongues of <i>Greeks</i> and <i>Jews</i>	a	134
Happy the church, thou sacred place	b	64
Happy the heart where graces reign	b	38
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound	b	63
Hark! the Redeemer from on high	a	70
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims	a	18
Hence from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone	b	73
Here at thy cross, my dying God	b	4
High as the heav'ns above the ground	b	115
High on a hill of dazzling light	b	18
<i>Hosanna</i> , &c.	c	42, 45
<i>Hosanna</i> to our conquering King	b	89
<i>Hosanna</i> to the Prince of light	b	76
<i>Hosanna</i> to the royal Son	a	16
<i>Hosanna</i> with a cheerful sound	b	8
How are thy glories here display'd	c	23
How beauteous are their feet	a	10
How can I sink with such a prop	b	116
How condescending and how kind	c	4
How full of anguish is the thought	b	100
How heavy is the night	a	98
How honourable is the place	a	8
How large the promise, how divine	a	113
How oft have sin and Satan strove	a	139
How rich are thy provisions, Lord	c	12
How sad our state by nature is	b	90
How shall I praise th' eternal God	b	166
How short and hasty is our life	b	32
How should the sons of <i>Adam's</i> race	a	86
How strong thine arm is, mighty God	a	49
How sweet and awful is the place	c	13
How vain are all things here below	b	48
How wond'rous great, how glorious bright	b	87
I.		
I cannot bear thine absence, Lord	b	117
B 2		I

	B.	H.
I give immortal praise	c	38
I hate the tempter and his charms	b	156
I lift my banners, faith the Lord	a	29
I love the windows of thy grace	b	145
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	a	103
I send the joys of earth away	b	11
I sing my Saviour's wondrous death	b	114
<i>Jehovah</i> speaks, let <i>Israel</i> hear	a	84
<i>Jehovah</i> reigns, his throne is high	b	168
<i>Jesus</i> , in thee our eyes behold	a	145
<i>Jesus</i> invites his saints	c	2
<i>Jesus</i> is gone above the skies	c	6
<i>Jesus</i> , the man of constant grief	a	12
<i>Jesus</i> , we bless thy Father's name	a	54
<i>Jesus</i> , we bow before thy feet	c	18
<i>Jesus</i> , with all thy saints above	b	29
In <i>Gabriel's</i> hand a mighty stone	a	50
In thine own ways, O God of love	a	30
In vain the wealthy mortals toil	a	24
In vain we lavish out our lives	a	9
Infinite grief! amazing woe	b	95
Join all the glorious names	a	105
Join all the names of love and power	a	149
Is this the kind return	b	74

K.

Kind is the speech of <i>Christ</i> our Lord	a	73
--	---	----

L.

Laden with guilt, and full of fears	b	119
Let all our tongues be one	c	9
Let everlasting glories crown	b	131
Let every mortal ear attend	a	7
Let God the Father live	c	28
Let him embrace my soul, and prove	a	66
Let God the Maker's name	c	31
Let me but hear my Saviour say	a	15
Let		

B.	H.
Let mortal tongues attempt to sing	a 58
Let others boast how strong they be	b 19
Let <i>Pharisees</i> of high esteem	a 133
Let the old <i>Heathens</i> tune their songs	b 21
Let the seventh angel sound on high	a 65
Let the whole race of creatures lie	b 99
Let the wild leopards of the wood	b 160
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord	b 35
Let us adore th' eternal word	c 5
Life and immortal joys are giv'n	b 125
Life is the time to serve the Lord	a 88
Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats	b 37
Like sheep we went astray	a 142
Lo, the young tribes of <i>Adam</i> rise	a 90
Lo, what a glorious sight appears	a 21
Lo, what an entertaining sight	a 44
Long have I sat beneath the sound	b 165
Look, gracious God, how num'rous they	a 47
Lord, at thy temple we appear	a 19
Lord, how divine thy comforts are	c 11
Lord, how secure and bless'd are they	b 57
Lord, how secure my conscience was	a 115
Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand	c 20
Lord, we adore thy vast designs	b 109
Lord, we are blind, we mortals blind	b 26
Lord, we confess our num'rous faults	a 111
Lord, what a feeble piece	a 37
Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace	b 16
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I	a 36
Lord, what a wretched land is this	b 53
Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll	b 5
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord	a 46

M.

Man has a soul of vast desires	b 146
Mistaken souls that dream of heav'n	a 140

	B. H.
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord	b 139
My drowfy pow'rs, why sleep ye so	b 25
My God, how endless is thy love	a 81
My God, my life, my love	b 93
My God, my portion and my love	b 94
My God, permit me not to be	b 22
My God, the spring of all my joys	b 54
My God, what endless pleasures dwell	b 42
My heart, how dreadful hard it is	b 98
My Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince	b 141
My soul, come meditate the day	b 61
My soul forsakes her vain delight	b 10
My thoughts on awful subjects roll	b 2
My thoughts surmount these lower skies	b 163

N.

Naked as from the earth we came	a 5
Nature with all her pow'rs shall sing	b 1
Nature with open volume stands	c 10
No, I'll repine at death no more	b 102
No, I shall envy them no more	b 56
No more, my God, I boast no more	a 109
Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard	a 105
Not all the blood of beasts	b 142
Not all the outward forms on earth	a 95
Not diff'rent food, or diff'rent dress	a 126
Not from the dust affliction grows	a 83
Not the malicious or profane	a 104
Not to condemn the sons of men	a 100
Not to the terrors of the Lord	b 152
Not with our mortal eyes	a 108
Now be the God of <i>Israel</i> bless'd	a 50
Now by the bowels of my God	a 130
Now for a tune of lofty praise	b 43
Now have our hearts embrac'd our God	c 14
Now in the gall'ries of his grace	a 7

Now

B. H

Now in the heat of youthful blood	a	91
Now let a spacious world arise	b	147
Now let our pains be all forgot	c	16
Now let the Lord my Saviour smile	b	50
Now <i>Satan</i> comes with dreadful roar	b	157
Now shall my inward joys arise	a	39
Now to the Lord a noble song	b	47
Now to the Lord that makes us know	a	61
Now to the power of God supreme	a	137

O

O for an overcoming faith	a	71
O ! if my soul were form'd for woe	b	106
O the Almighty Lord	b	80
O the delights, the heav'nly joys	b	91
Often I seek my Lord by night	a	71
Once more, my soul the rising day	b	6
Our days, alas ! our mortal days	b	39
Our God, how firm his promise stands	b	40
Our sins, alas ! how strong they be	b	85
Our souls shall magnify the Lord	a	60
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb . . .	c	22

P

Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair	b	79
Praise, everlasting praise be paid	b	70

R

Raise thee, my soul, fly up, and run	b	33
Raise your triumphant songs	b	104
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground	b	17

S

Saints, at your heav'nly Father's word	a	129
Salvation ! O the joyful sound	b	88
See where the great incarnate God	a	45
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood	a	82
Shall we go on to sin	a	66

Shall

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H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BOOK I.

- I. *A new song to the Lamb that was slain, Rev. v.
6, 8, 9, 10, 12.*

I **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of the faints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son should take that book,
And open every seal?

- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;
Lo, in his hand the lov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell !
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.
- II. *The deity and humanity of Christ, John i. 1, 3, 14. and Col. i. 16 and Ephes. iii. 9. 10.*
- 1 **E**RE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word ;
With God he was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own pow'r were all things made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars ;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years ?)
- 4 But lo, he leaves those heav'niy forms,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

- 5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When through his eyes the Godhead shone !
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of *Emmanuel*.

III. *The Nativity of Christ, Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii.
10, &c.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,
And *Jesus* is the child.
- [2 The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son ;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him *David's* throne.
- 3 O'er *Jacob* shall he reign
With a peculiar sway ;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears ;
- He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 5 Go, *bumble swains*, said he,
To *David's city* fly ;
The promis'd infant born to-day,
Doth in a manger ly.
- 6 With looks and hearts serene
Go visit Christ your King :

And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing,

7 *Glory to God on high!*
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth.

8 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

9 *Glory to God on high!*
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!

IV. Referred to the 2d psalm.

V. *Submission to afflictive providences; Job i. 21.*

1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over death, Job xix. 25, 26, 27.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay ;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs ;
My *Jesus*, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lye vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 The greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afresh :
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

VII. *The invitation of the gospel ; or, Spiritual food and cloathing, Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthen toys
To fill an empty mind :
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- [6 Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin ;
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]
- 8 Dear God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins !
- 9 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

VIII. *The safety and protection of the Church, Isa. xxxvi.*

1, 2, 3, 4, 5 6.

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
You that have known *Jehovah's* name,
And ventur'd on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord *Jehovah* dwells,
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low ;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On *Babylon* our feet shall tread
In that rejoicing hour ;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
A pavement for the poor.

IX. *The promises of the covenant of Grace. Isa. lv, 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Micah vii. 10. Ezek. xxxvi. 25. &c.*

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind ;

- The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat,
- 3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.
- 5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before:
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.
- 6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His spirit shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.]
- 7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love :
- 8 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind
- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

- 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise :
We the dear people of his love,
And He our God of grace.

X. *The blessedness of gospel times, or, The revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles, lsa. v. 2, 7, 9, 10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.*

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on *Zion's* hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
“ *Zion*, behold thy Saviour King,
“ He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light,
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

XI. *The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled ;
or, The sovereignty of grace, Luke x. 21, 22.*

- 1 **T**HERE was an hour when *Christ rejoic'd*,
And spoke his joy in words of praise ;
“ Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
“ Lord of the earth, and heav'ns and seas.
- 2 “ I thank thy sovereign pow'r and love,
“ That crowns my doctrine with success ;
“ And makes the babes in knowledge learn
“ The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.
- 3 “ But all this glory lies conceal'd
“ From men of prudence and of wit ;
“ The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
“ And their own pride resists the light.
- 4 “ Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
“ Chose and ordain'd it should be so ;
“ 'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
“ And lay the haughty scorner low.
- 5 “ There's none can know the Father right,
“ But those who learn it from the Son ;
“ Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
“ But where the Father makes him known.”
- 6 Then let our souls adore our God,
That deals his graces as he please ;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Of his actions, or decrees.

XII. *Free grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days ;
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.

- 2 *Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,
That hath reveal'd thy Son
To men unlearned ; and to babes
Has made the gospel known.*
- 3 *The myst'ries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise,
While pride and carnal reasonings join
To swell and blind their eyes.*
- 4 *Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sov'reign will.*

XIII. *The Son of God incarnate ; or, The titles and the kingdom of Christ, Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.*

- 1 **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light ;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.
- 2 *The virgin's promis'd Son is born ;
Behold th' expected child appear ;
What shall his name or titles be ?
The Wonderful, The Counsellor.*
- [3 *This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd ;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of peace,
The son of David, and his Lord.]*
- 4 *The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.*
- 5 *Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.*

XIV. *The triumph of faith ; or, Christ's unchangeable love, Rom. viii. 33, &c.*

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God that justifies their souls ;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis *Christ* that suffer'd in their stead ;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! he sits above,
For ever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour :
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from *Christ*, our love.

XV. *Our own weakness, and Christ our strength,*
2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to the day ;
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all sufficient grace.

- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That *Christ's* own pow'r may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and *Christ* my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 So *Sampson* when his hair was lost,
Met the *Philistines* to his cost ;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

XVI. *Hosanna* to Christ, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix.
38, 40.

- 1 *HOSANNA* to the royal Son
Of *David's* ancient line !
His nature's two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of David here we find,
And off-spring is the same :
Eternity and time are join'd
In our *Emmanuel's* name.
- 3 Bless'd He that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n !
Hosannas of the highest strain
To *Christ* the Lord be given !
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
The *Hosanna* on their tongues,

Left rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

XVII. *Victory over death*, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful pow'rs !
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
*Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave ?
And where the monster's sting ?*
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gave sin its damning pow'r ;
But *Christ*, my ransom, dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' *Christ* our living head.

XVIII. *Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord*,
Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the favour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in *Jesus*, and are blest'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;

The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

XIX. *The song of Simeon ; or, Death made desirable,*
Luke i. 27, &c.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy *Simeon* came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy Child ;
- 3 “ Now I can leave this world, *he cry'd,*
“ Behold thy servant dies ;
“ I’ve seen thy great salvation, Lord,
“ And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 “ This is the light prepar’d to shine
“ Upon the *Gentile* lands,
“ Thine *Israel*’s glory, and their hope,
“ To break their slavish bands.”
- [5 *Jesus* ! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow’ring charms !
Scarce shall I feel death’s cold embrace,
If *Christ* be in my arms.
- 6 Then will ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll !
And mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

XX. *Spiritual apparel, viz. The robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation, Isa. lxi. 10.*

- 1 **A** Wake my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around,
- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !
These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought by faith and love,
And hope and ev'ry grace ;
But *Jesus* spent his life, to work
The robe of righteousness,
- 6 Strangely, my soul art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three ;
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

XXI. *A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men, Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.*

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heav'n where God resides,
That holy, happy place,

The new *Jerusalem* comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his bless'd abode;
"Men the dear objects of his grace,
"And He the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From ev'ry weeping eye,
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
"And death itself shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

XXII. and XXIII. [Referred to the 125th Psalm.]

XXIV. *The rich sinner dying*, Psal. xlix, 6, 9. Eccl.
viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
- Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.
- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death
From glittering roofs and downy beds.
- 3 The ling'ring, the unwilling soul,
The dismal summons must obey,

And bid a long, a sad farewell,
To the pale lumps of lifeless clay.

- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones without distinction lie
Amongst a heap of meaner bones.

[The rest referr'd to the 49th psalm.]

XXV. *A vision of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.*

- 1 **A**LL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears,
Behold amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.

- [2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.

- 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

- 4 All the assembling saints-around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honours to his name.

- [5 The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
To read the book, to loose the seals.]

Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain
To be our teacher and our king!

- 7 His words of prophecy reveal
 Eternal counsels, deep designs ;
 His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
 With thine invaluable blood :
 And wretches that did once rebel
 Are now made fav'rites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
 That dy'd for treasons not his own,
 By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
 And dwell upon his Father's throne !

XXVI. *Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ,*
 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord :
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
 And call'd him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
 Our flesh to see the dust,
 Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
 So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
 Reserv'd against that day ;
 'Tis incorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot waite away
- 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
 'Till the salvation come ;

We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'Till Christ shall call us home.

XXVII. *Assurance of heaven: Or, A saint prepared to die, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.*

[1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 *J*esus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design:
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. *Amen.*

XXVIII. *The triumph of Christ over the enemies of his church, Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.*

1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state

Along the *Idumean* road,
Away from *Bzra's* gate !

- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious king :
“ 'Tis I, the Just, the Almighty One,
“ That your salvation bring.”
- 3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
Why thine apparel's red ?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread ?
- 4 “ I by myself have trod the press,
“ And crush'd my foes alone :
“ My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
“ My fury stamp'd them down.
- 5 “ 'Tis *Edom's* blood that dyes my robes
“ With joyful scarlet stains ;
“ The triumph that my raiment wears
“ Sprung from their bleeding veins.
- 6 “ Thus shall the nations be destroy'd,
“ That dare insult my saints ;
“ I have an arm t'avenge their wrongs,
“ An ear for their complaints.”

XXIX. *The second part ; Or, The ruin of Antichrist,*
ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

- 1 “ **I** LIFT my banner, saith the Lord,
“ Where Antichrist has stood ;
“ The city of my gospel foes
“ Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 “ My heart has studied just revenge,
“ And now the day appears.
“ The day of my redeem'd is come,
“ To wipe away their tears.

- 3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
 " And bids my fury go :
 " Swift as the lightning it shall move,
 " And be as fatal too.
- 4 " I call for helpers, but in vain :
 " 'Then has my gospel none ?
 " Well, mine own arm has might enough
 " 'To crush my foes alone.
- 5 " Slaughter, and my devouring sword
 " Shall walk the streets around,
 " *Babel* shall reel beneath my stroke,
 " And stagger to the ground."
- 6 Thy honours, O victorious King !
 'Thine own right hand shall raise,
 While we thy awful vengeance sing,
 And our deliv'rer praise.

XXX. *Prayer for deliverance answered, Isa. xxvi. 8,*
 20.

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,
 We wait the visits of thy grace ;
 Our souls desire is to thy name,
 And the remembrance of thy face.
- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee ;
 'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night,
 My earnest cries salute the skies
 Before the dawn restore the light.
- 3 Look how rebellious men deride
 The tender patience of my God ;
 But they shall see thy lifted hand,
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark ! the Eternal rends the sky:
 A mighty voice before him goes,

A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

- 5 Come, children, to your Father's arms
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
'Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

XXXI. [Referred to the first psalm.]

XXXII. *Strength from heaven*, Isa. xl. 27, 28, 29,
30.

- 1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts arise!
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name
'That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our *Jehovah* dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

XXXIII. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI. XXXVII.

XXXVIII. [Referred to Psal. cxxxi. cxxxiv. lxvii. lxxiii. xc. and lxxxiv.

XXXIX. *God's tender care of his church, Isa. xlix. 13, 14, &c.*

1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasures tune my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty Zion hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths hath bound his love
To show'r salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The Infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?

5 Yet, saith the Lord, *should nature change,*
And mothers monsters prove,
Sion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame.

XL. *The business and blessedness of glorified saints, Rev. vii. 13, 14, 15, &c.*

1 **W**HAT happy men, or angels, these,
That all their robes are spotless white?

*Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light ?*

- 2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came ;
And nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the Great *Three One*
Measure their bless'd eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls ;
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb, that fills the middle throne,
Shall shade around his milder beams ;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.
- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

*XLI. The same : Or, The martyrs glorified, Rev.
vii. 13, &c.*

- 1 **T**HE glorious minds how bright they shine !
*Whence all their bright array ?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day ?*
- 2 From tort'ring pains, to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their garments white
In *Jesus'* dying blood.

- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasures of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

XLII. *Divine wrath and mercy*, Nahum i, 1.
2, 3, &c.

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God
Is a *§ consuming fire*; *§ Heb. xii. 29.*
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his veng'ance higher.
- 2 Almighty veng'ance, how it burns!
How bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Ly'treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled; oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flie,
And seek a wat'ry grave;

The frightened sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up ev'ry wave.

- 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd :

Who dares engage his fiery rage,
That shakes the solid world ?

- 6 Yet, mighty God ! thy sov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour ;
While we beneath thy sheltering wings
Thy just revenge adore.

XLIII. [Referred to the 100th psalm.]

XLIV. Referred to the 133d psalm.]

XLV. *The last judgment*, Rev. xxi. 5, 6, 7,
8-----.

- 1 **S**EE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

- [2 “ I am the first, and I the last,
“ Through endless years the same ;
“ *I AM* is my memorial still,
“ And my eternal name.”

- 3 “ Such favours as a God can give,
“ My royal grace bestows ;
“ Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
“ Where life and pleasure flows.]

- [4 “ The saint that triumphs o'er his foes,
“ I'll own him for a son ;

“ The whole creation shall reward
“ The conquests he has won.

5 “ But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
“ And all the lying race,
“ The faithless and the scoffing crew,
“ That spurn at offer'd grace ;

6 “ They shall be taken from my sight,
“ Bound fast in iron chains,
“ And headlong plung'd into the lake
“ Where fire and darkness reigns.”]

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled !
And hear the judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head ;

8 May I with those for ever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While sinners banish'd down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

XLVI. and XLVII. [Referred to Psal. cxlviii.
and 3.]

XLVIII. *The Christian race*, Isa. xl. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1 **A** WAKE our souls, (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,

And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

XLIX. *The works of Moses and the Lamb, Rev.*
xv. 3.

1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God,
Who would not fear thy name ?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are !
Who would not love the Lamb ?

2 He has done more than *Moses* did,
Our Prophet and our King ;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the *Red-sea* by *Moses*' hand
Th' *Egyptian* host was drown'd ;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert *Israel* went,
With manna they were fed ;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place ;
But *Christ* shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

L. *The song of Zacharias, and the message of John the Baptist: or, Light and salvation by Jesus Christ, Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.*

1 **N**OW be the God of *Israel* blest'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old *David's* root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.

[3 *John* was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory shines.

5 "Behold the Lamb of God (he cries)
"That takes our guilt away:
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head
"On his baptizing day.]

6 "Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry mountain low;
"The proud must stoop, and humble souls
"Shall his salvation know.

7 "The *Heathen* realms with *Israel's* land
"Shall join in sweet accord:

“ And all that’s born of man shall see
 “ The glory of the Lord.

- 8 “ Behold the morning-star arise,
 “ Ye that in darkness sit ;
 “ He marks the path that leads to peace,
 “ And guides our doubtful feet.”

LI. *Persevering grace*, Jude 24, 25.

1 **T**O God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King.
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

2 ‘Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev’ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
 Unblemish’d and compleat,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known

5 To our Redeemer God
 Wisdom and power belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

LII. *Baptism*, Matt xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 **T**WAS the commission of our Lord,
 Go, Teach the nations and baptize,

The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon the eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant *British* lands.

3 *Repent and be baptiz'd*, he saith,
For the remission of your sins ;
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his gospel means.

4 Our soul he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean ;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage our souls to Thee
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord ;
O may the Great Eternal Three
In heav'n our solemn vows record !

LIII. *The holy scriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16.
Psal. cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 **G**OD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of-old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record :
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd ;
The doctrines are divinely true.
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

- 4 Ye *British* isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
'To ev'ry land.) Praise ye the Lord.

LIV. *Electing grace: Or, Saints belov'd in Christ,*
Eph. i. 3, &c.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we blest thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same:
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners through his Son!
- 2 *Christ be my first elect*, he said,
Then chose our souls in *Christ* our Head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed;
Blameless in love, a holy seed.
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With *Christ* our Lord we share a part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd
Till he forgets his first belov'd.

LV. *Hezekiah's song: Or, Sickness and recovery, Na.*
xxxviii. 9. &c.

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From *Hezekiah's* tongue.

- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.
- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
*Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.*
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 *Jehovah* speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands:
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.
- 6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore:
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

LVI. *The song of Moses and the Lamb: or, Babylon falling, Rev. xv. 3. and xvi. 19. and xvii. 6*

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,
We found thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God! how wondrous are thy works
Of veng'ance, and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or Worship at thy throne?

Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Through all the nations known.

4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth:
Drunk with the martyrs blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

LVII. *Original sin: or, The first and second Adam,*
Rom. v. 12, &c. Psal. li, 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 **B**ACKWARD, with humble shame, we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

[3 Conceived in sin (O wretched state)
Before we draw our breath;
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!]

[5 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

- 6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring ?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring ?]
- 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and sin.
- 8 The second *Adam* shall restore
The ruins of the first ;
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r,
That new-creates our dust !

LVIII. *The devil vanquish'd : or Michael's war with the dragon, Rev. xii. 7.*

- 1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood
Chief general of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.
- 2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail :
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, theirs weapons fail.
- 3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell ;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
- 4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r ;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.
- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down :

'Twas by thy word and powerful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

- 6 Rejoice, ye heavens ; let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky :
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
Raise your deliv'rer's name on high.

LIX. *Babylon fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

- 1 **I**N Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies a fair type of Babylon :
*Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
God shall avenge your long complaints.*

- 2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood ;
*Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
Thus and no more be found at all.*

LX. *The Virgin Mary's song : or, The promised Messiah
born*, Luke i. 46, &c.

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice :
While we repeat the Virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice,

- [2 The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done ;
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

- 3 Let ev'ry nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame ;
But God alone must be ador'd ;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure :

From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to *Abra'm* and his seed,
In thee shall all the earth be blest'd :
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6 But now no more shall *Israel* wait,
No more the Gentiles ly forlorn :
Lo, the desire of nations comes ;
Behold the promis'd seed is born !

LXI. *Christ our High-priest and King ; and coming to judgment, Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.*

1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love.
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Tis He that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To *Jesus*, our atoning Priest,
To *Jesus*, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day.
Come, Lord ; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

LXII. *Christ Jesus the Lamb of God worshipped
the creation, Rev. v. 11, 12, 14.*

1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 *Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus :*
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. *Christ's humiliation and exaltation, Rev. 5.
12.*

1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name ?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of life that groan'd and dy'd ;

Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate's* bar :
Wisdom belongs to *Jesus* too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss ;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men :
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say *Amen*.

LXIV. *Adoption*, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

1 **B**Ehold what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown ;
The *Jewish* world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son :

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer ly
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
My faith shall *Abba* Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

LXV. *The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord : Or, The day of judgment, Rev. xi. 15.*

1 **L**ET the sev'nth angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky ;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come :
Jesus, the Lamb who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign !

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more ;
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear ;
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

LXVI. *Christ the King at his table*, Solom. Song i.
2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love ;
The voice that tells me, *Thou art mine*,
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee th' anointing spirit came,
And spreads the favour of thy name ;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 *Jesus*, allure me by thy charms,
My soul shall fly into thine arms !
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 Wonder and pleasure tune our voice,
To speak thy praises and our joys :
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as *Kedar* tents appear,
Yet, when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of *Solomon*.
- 6 While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing :
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]
- 7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me ;
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be my rest.
- 8 No beams of cedar or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare ;

And here we wait until thy love
Raife us to nobler feats above.]

LXVII. *Seeking the pastures of Christ, the Shepherd,*
Solomon's Song i. 7.

1 **T**HOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown!
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

[4 The footsteps of thy flock I see:
Thy sweetest pastures here they be:
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares [tears.
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
'Till my beloved lead me home.]

LXVIII. *The banquet of love,* Solomon's Song ii. 1,
2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

1 **B**Ehold the rose of *Sharon* here,
The lily which the vallies bear:
Behold the tree of life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

- 2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine :
 Amongst wild gourds the noble vine ;
 So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
 Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
 To shield me from the burning heat :
 Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
 To feed my eyes, and please my taste.
- [4 Kindly he brought me to the place
 Where stands the banquet of his grace ;
 He saw me faint, and o'er my head
 The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
 He cheers this sinking heart of mine ;
 And op'ning his own heart to me,
 He shows his thoughts how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart,
 Ly down and rest upon my heart ;
 I charge my sins not once to move,
 Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

LXIX. Christ appearing to his church, and seeking her company, Solomon's Song ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds
 Over the rocks and rising grounds ;
 O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now through the veil of flesh I see,
 With eyes of love he looks at me ;
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass
 He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
 Both with his beauties and his tongue,

*Rise, faith my lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.*

- 4 *The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
The sacred turtle-dove we hear,
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.*
- 5 *Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit :
Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.*
- 6 *And when we hear our Jesus say,
Rise up my love, and haste away,
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthy loves behind.*

LXX. *Christ inviting, and the church answering the invitation, Solomon's Song ii. 14. 16, 17.*

[1 **H**ARK ! the Redeemer, from on high,
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh ;
From caves of darkness, and of doubt,
He gently speaks, and calls us out.

- 2 *My dove, who hidest in the rock,
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
And let thy voice delight mine ear.*
- 3 *Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet ;
My graces in thy count'nance meet ;
Though the vain world thy face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.*
- 4 *Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives :
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.]*

- [5 I am my love's, and he is mine ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join ,
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads ;
Amongst the lilies where he feeds ;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.
- 7 'Till the day break, and shadows flee,
'Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin ;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour, from my side.]

LXXI. *Christ found in the street, and brought to the church*, Sol. Song iii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight ;
With warm desire, and restless thought,
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise, and search the street,
'Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet ;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
Where did you see my soul's delight ?
- 3 Sometimes I find him in the way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray ;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in my embrace.
- [4 I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come

To *Sion's* sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart ;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys,
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

LXXII. *The coronation of Christ, and espousals of the church, Sol. Song iii. 2.*

1 **D**AUGHTERS of *Sion*, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of *Solomon*.

2 *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
Like the dear hour, when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4 The gladness of that happy day !
Our hearts would with it long to stay ;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

- 6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring the coronation day !
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

LXXIII. *The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ,*
Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

- 7 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word ;
Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries,
Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

- 8 *Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice*
Salutes mine ear with secret joys ;
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk nor honey taste so well.

- 9 *Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,*
I will behold no spot in thee,
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms ?

- 10 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair ;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his right'ownness.

- 11 *My sister, and my spouse, he cries,*
Bound to my heart by various ties,
Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
In strong delight and pleasing chains.

- 12 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men,
To *Sion* where his glories are ;
Not *Lebanon* is half so fair.

- 13 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,

Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When *Christ* invites my soul away.

LXXIV. *The church the garden of Christ*, Sol. Song
iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

- 1 **W**E are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;
A little spot, inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand ;
And all his springs in *Sion* flow,
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume ;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale of plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour God :
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.
- [5 Let my beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast :
I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.
- 6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
- 7 *Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
The blessings that my Father sends :
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.*

- 8 *Jesus*, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord,
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

LXXV. *The description of Christ the Beloved*, Sol.
Song v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring world enquires to know
Why I should love my *Jesus* so:
What are his charms, say they, above
The objects of a mortal love?
- 2 Yes, my Beloved, to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.
- 4 His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]
- 6 His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heav'nly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,

Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

- [8 His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove ;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.]
- 9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints :
His countenance more graceful is
Than *Lebanon* with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be lov'd and yet ador'd
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

LXXVI. *Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth,*
Sol. Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell :
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown :
But he descends and shews his face
In the young gardens of his grace.
- [3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand ;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies shew their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move ;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell shall make us part.]

5 He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of *Amminadib*
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
'Till death shall make my last remove,
'To dwell for ever with my love.]

LXXVII. *The love of Christ to the church, in his language to her; and provisions for her, Sol. Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.*

- 1 **N**OW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the king, and thus he says,
*How fair my saints are in my sight,
My love how pleasant for delight?*
- 2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
'To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.
- 4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.
- 5 In paradise within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

LXXVIII. *The strength of Christ's love, and the soul's jealousy of her own*, Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

- [1 **W**HO is this fair one in distress?
That travels from the wilderness?
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood:
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.]
- 3 "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on thy heart and on thy hand:
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown;
"And hell and earth in vain combine,
"To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart;
"Then let thy name be well impress'd,
"As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come,
"Thy count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 "Come, my beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the hours of thy delay;
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
"Over the hills where spices grow."

LXXIX. *A morning hymn*, Psal. xix. 5, 8. and lxxiii.
24, 25.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the *East*
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in this world's maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes :
Thy threatning's just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

LXXX. *An evening hymn*, Psal. iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6.
— and cxliii. 8.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time is run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth and hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

LXXXI. *A song for morning and evening, Lam. iii.
23. Isa. xlv. 7.*

- 1 **M**Y God! how endless is thy love;
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word receives the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days:

Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

LXXXII. *God far above creatures : Or, man vain and mortal, Job iv. 17,—21.*

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God ?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he ?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne ;
'Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay !
'Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight ;
Bury'd in dust whole nations ly,
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow ;
How frail are we ! how glorious thou !
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

LXXXIII. *Afflictions and death under providence, Job v. 6, 7, 8.*

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance ;
Yet we are born to cares and woes ;
A sad inheritance !
- 2 As sparks break out of burning coals,
And still are upwards borne ;

So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn :

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace ;
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteoufness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, righteousness, and strength in
Christ, Isa. xlv. 21.—25.*

1 **J**EHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honours and his names.

2 " I am the last, and I the first,
" The Saviour God, and God the just :
" There's none besides pretends to shew
" Such justice and salvation too.

[3 " Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
" Just on the verge of death and hell,
" Look up to me from distant lands,
" Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.

4 " I by my holy name have sworn,
" Nor shall the word in vain return ;
" To me shall all things bend the knee,
" And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]

5 " In me alone shall men confess
" Lies all their strength and righteoufness :
" But such as dare despise my name,
" I'll clothe 'em with eternal shame.

- 6 " In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
 " Of *Isra'el* from their sins be freed,
 " And by their shining graces prove
 " Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

LXXXV. *The same.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims
 His Godhead from his throne;
Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.
- 2 *Ye dying souls, that sit*
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recov'ring grace.
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound:
 Their thankful tongues shall own,
Our righteousness and strength, is found
In thee, the Lord, alone.
- 4 In thee shall *Israel* trust,
 And see their guilt forgiv'n;
 God will pronounce the sinners just,
 And takes the saints to heav'n.

LXXXVI. *God holy, just, and sovereign, Job ix. 2.*
 10.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of *Adam's* race
 Be pure before their God!
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
 I'll make no more pretence;
 Not one of all my thousand faults
 Can bear a just defence.

- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise
Or 'tempt th' unequal war ?
- [4 Mountains by his Almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the earth from *South* to *North*,
And all the pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
'Th' obedient sun forbears ;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea,
Flies on the stormy wind ;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

LXXXVII. *God dwells with the humble and penitent,*
Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty one,
“ I sit upon my holy throne ;
“ My name is God, I dwell on high,
“ Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 “ But I descend to worlds below,
“ On earth I have a mansion too ;
“ The humble spirit and contrite
“ Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 “ The humble soul my words revive ;
“ I bid the mourning sinner live ;
“ Heal all the broken hearts I find,
“ And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- [4 “ When I contend against their sin,
“ I make them know how vile they've been ;

“ But should my wrath for ever smoke,
 “ Their souls would sink beneath the stroke.”

- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
 Lest we should faint, despair and die !
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve
 The methods of thy chaste'ning love.]

LXXXVIII. *Life the day of grace and of hope, Eccl.*
 ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t'insure the great reward,
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

- [2 Life is the hour that God has giv'n
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.]

- 3 The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie ;
 Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

- [4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust ;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands with all your might pursue,
 Since no device, nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
 In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

LXXXIX. *Youth and judgment,* Eccl. xi. 9.

- 1 **Y**E sons of *Adam*, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know
There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults ;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The veng'ance to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror thro' ;
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace ?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities ;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

XC. *The same.*

- 1 **L**O, the young tribes of *Adam* rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires ;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
 'The frightened earth and seas
 Avoid the fury of his eye,
 And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
 And stand the fiery test?
 I give all mortal joys away,
 To be for ever blest.

XCI. *Advice to youth: or, Old age and death in an uncovered state*, Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.

1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood
 Remember your Creator God:
 Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
 When you shall say, *My joys are gone*.

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
 Down to the regions of the dead,
 With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
 'The soul, in agonies of pain,
 Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name,
 Teach me to know how frail I am;
 And when my soul must hence remove.
 Give me a mansion in thy love.

XCII. *Christ the wisdom of God*, Prov. viii. 1, 22,—32.

1 **S**HALL wisdom cry aloud,
 And not her speech be heard;
 The voice of God's eternal word,
 Deserves it no regard?

- 2 " I was his chief delight,
 " His everlasting Son,
 " Before the first of all his works
 " Creation was begun.
- [3 " Before the flying clouds,
 " Before the solid land,
 " Before the fields, before the flood,
 " I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 " When he ador'd the skies,
 " And built them, I was there,
 " To order when the sun should rise,
 " And marshal ev'ry star.
- 5 " When he pour'd out the sea,
 " And spread the flowing deep,
 " I gave the flood a firm decree
 " In its own bounds to keep.]
- 6 " Upon the empty air
 " The earth was balanc'd well;
 " With joy I saw the mansion where
 " The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 " My busy thoughts at first
 " On their salvation ran,
 " Ere sin was born, or *Adam's* dust
 " Was fashion'd to a man.
- 8 " Then come, receive my grace,
 " Ye children, and be wise;
 " Happy the man that keeps my ways,
 " The man that shuns them dies."

XCI. Christ, or *Wisdom*, obeyed or resisted. Prov.
 viii. 34,——36.

I **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
 " Bless'd is the man that hears my word;
 H

- “ Keeps daily watch before my gates,
 “ And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 “ The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 “ Immortal wealth and heav’nly gain;
 “ Immortal life is his reward,
 “ Life, and the favour of the Lord.
- 3 “ But the vile wretch that flies from me;
 “ Doth his own soul an injury :
 “ Fools that against my grace rebel
 “ Seek death, and love the road to hell.

XCIV. *Justification by faith, not by works : or, The law condemns, grace justifies, Rom. iii. 19,—22.*

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built;
 Their hearts by nature are unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
 Without a murm’ring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God’s righteous law
 To justify us now,
 Since to convince and to condemn,
 Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
 When in thy name we trust !
 Our faith receives a right’ousness
 That makes the sinner just.

XCV. *Regeneration, John i. 13. and iii. 3. &c.*

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that God has giv’n,

- Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
- 2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New-models ail the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

XCVI. *Election excludes boasting*, 1 Cor. i. 26,—31

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God :
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne ;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

XCVII. *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c.* 1 Cor.
i. 30.

- 1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night,
We ly tel Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, *The Lord our righteousness.*
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 *Jesus* beholds where *Satan* reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and right'ousness:
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

XCVIII. *The same.*

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
'Till *Christ* with his reviving light
Over our souls arise?
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
'To meet the wrath of heav'n,
But in his righteousness array'd
We see our sins forgiv'n.

- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the curied chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

XCIX. *Stones made children of Abraham : or, Grace not conveyed by religious parents, Mat. iii. 9.*

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race,
(Their fathers now with God.)
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abrah'm well
With new-created sons.
- 3 Such wond'rous pow'r he doth possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
-Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obeyed and came.

C. *Believe and be saved, John iii. 16, 17, 18.*

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men
Did *Christ* the Son of God appear :
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He lov'd the race of men so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 'Trust in his mighty name, and live;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
 On rebels who refuse the grace;
 Who God's eternal Son despise,
 The hottest hell shall be their place.

CI. *Joys in heaven for a repenting sinner, Luke xv. 7, 10.*

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love;
 The Son with joy looks down, and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul he form'd anew;
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

CII. *The beatitudes, Mat. v. 2,—12.*

- [1 **B**LESS'D are the humble souls, that see
 Their emptiness and poverty;
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
'The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise, and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
'They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living fire and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men, whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From *Christ* the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Bless'd are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for *Jesus'* sake ;
'Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

CIII. *Not ashamed of the gospel.* 2 Tim. i, 12.

- 1 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

- 2 *Jesus* my God ! I know his name,
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new *Jerusalem*
Appoint my soul a place.

CIV. *A state of nature and grace, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.*

- 1 **N**OT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor stand'ers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace ! And such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are wash'd in *Jesus'* blood,
We're pardon'd through his name ;
And the good spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.
- 4 O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands !
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

CV. *Heaven invisible and holy*, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.
Rev. xxi. 27.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come ;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

4 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

CVI. *Dead to sin by the cross of Christ*, Rom. vi. 1,
2, 6.

1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds ?

2 Forbid it, mighty God !
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
 Since *Christ* has made us free,
 Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
 And bought our liberty.

CVII. *The fall and recovery of man : Or, Christ and Satan at enmity, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.*

1 **D**ECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell ;
 When *Satan*, in the serpent hid,
 Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning : Death began
 To take possession of the man ;
 His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
 And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But *Satan* found a worse reward :
 Thus saith the veng'ance of the Lord,
Let ever lasting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 *The woman's seed shall be my Son,*
He shall destroy what thou hast done ;
Shall break, thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at his heel.

[5 He spake ; and bid four thousand years
 Roll on ; at length his Son appears ;
 Angels with joy descend to earth,
 And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies ;
 But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
 He gave their prince a fatal blow,
 And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

CVIII. *Christ unseen and unbelov'd, 1 Pet. i. 8.*

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face :
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeaking, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

CIX. *The value of Christ and his righteousness, Phil.
iii. 7, 8, 9.*

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must, and will esteem
All things but loss for *Jesus'* sake ;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CX. *Death and immediate glory*, 2 Cor. v. 1,
5,—8.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house, not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands
'Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd, and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

CXI. *Salvation by grace*, 'Titus iii. 3,—7.

- [1 **L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.]
- [3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;

But we are fav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son,]

- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

CXII. *The brazen serpent : or, Looking to Jesus, John*
iii. 14,—16.

- 1 **S**O did the *Hebrew* prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 *Look upward in the dying hour,*
And live, the prophet cries ;
But *Christ* performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns ;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The *Jew* beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring *Gentile* lives.

CXIII. *Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles, Gen xvii.*

7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

- 1 **H**OW large the promise ! how divine,
To *Abrab'm* and his seed !
I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 *Jesus* the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

CXIV. *The same, Rom. xi. 16, 17.*

- 1 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood ;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows
The *Gentile* and the *Jew* ;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.
- 3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God ;
Pour out thy spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

CXV. *Conviction of sin by the law, Rbm. vii. 8, 9.*
14, 24.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.
- [3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
Till terribly I saw,
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath,
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

CXVI. *Love to God and our neighbour, Matth. xxii.*

37.—40.

- 1 “ **T**HUS saith the first, the great command,
 “ Let all my inward pow’rs unite
 “ To love thy Maker, and thy God,
 “ With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 “ Then shall thy neighbour next in place
 “ Share thine affection and esteem,
 “ And let thy kindness to thyself
 “ Measure and rule thy love to him.”
- 3 This is the sense that *Moses* spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law’s fulfill’d by love.
- 4 But oh ! how base our passions are !
 How cold our charity and zeal !
 Lord, fill our souls with heav’nly fire,
 Or we shall ne’er perform thy will.

CXVII. *Election sovereign and free, Rom. ix, 21,
 22, 23, 24.*

- [1 **B**EHOLD the potter and the clay,
 He forms his vessels as he please :
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.
- 2 Doth not the workman’s power extend
 O’er all the mass, which part to chuse,
 And mould it for a nobler end,
 And which to leave for viler use ?]
- 3 May not the sov’reign Lord on high
 Dispense his favours as he will,
 Chuse some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still ?

- [4 What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure ?
- 5 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And forms them fit for heav'nly joys !]
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust ;
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust.
- 7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
- 8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy, or terror, shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

CXVIII. Moses and Christ : or, *Sin against the law and gospel*, John i. 17: Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6, and x. 28, 29.

1 **T**HE law by *Moses* came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But *Christ* a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid :

O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

4 The man that durst despise
The law that *Moses* brought;
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But forer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when *Jesus* calls,
And dare resist his grace.

CXIX. *The different success of the gospel*, 1 Cor. i.
23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 **C**HRIST and his cross is all our theme,
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the *Jews* esteem,
And folly to the *Greek*:

2 But souls enligh'ned from above
With joy receive the word;
'They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heav'nly rain,
In vain *Apollos* sows the ground,
And *Paul* may plant in vain.

CXX. *Faith of things unseen*, Heb, xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,

Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abrah'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He fought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

CXXI. *Children devoted to God*, Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts
xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(*For those who practise Infant-Baptism.*)

- 1 **T**HUS faith the mercy of the Lord,
I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me.
- 2 *Abrah'm* believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace;

To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

CXXII. *Believers buried with Christ in baptism, Rom.*
vi. 3, 4, &c.

1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
So from the grave did *Christ* arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The repenting prodigal, Luke xv. 12.*

1 **B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

2 *I die with hunger here; he cries,
I starve in foreign lands:
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.*

3 *I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace.*

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his Father's love;

The Father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd, and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

6 *Take off his cloaths of shame and sin,*
(The Father gives command)
Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

7 *A day of feasting I ordain,*
Let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found.

CXXIV. *The first and second Adam, Rom. v. 12,*
&c.

1 **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

2 *Adam the sinner: At his fall,*
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the second from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.

- [5 By the rebellion of one man,
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign, and death abound;
There have the sons of *Adam* found,
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.]

CXXV. *Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted,*
Heb. iv. 16. and v. 7. Mat. xii. 20.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- [5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r,

We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

CXXVI. *Charity and uncharitableness*, Rom. xiv. 17,
19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT diff'rent food, or diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdoms of the Lord,
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue:
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

CXXVII. *Christ's invitation to sinners: or, Humility
and pride*, Matth. xi. 28,—30.

1 "COME hither all ye weary souls,
" Ye heavy laden sinners come;
" I'll give you rest from all your toils,
" And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 " They shall find rest that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
" But passion rages like the sea,
" And pride is restless as the wind.

3 " Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight;
" My yoke is easy to his neck,
" My grace shall make the burden light."

- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

CXXVIII. *The apostles commission: Or, The gospel attested by miracles, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.*

- 1 “ **G**O preach my gospel, *said the Lord,*
 “ Bid the whole earth my grace receive:
 “ He shall be sav’d that trusts my word;
 “ He shall be damn’d that won’t believe.
- [2 “ I’ll make your great commission known,
 “ And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 “ By all the works that I have done,
 “ By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 “ Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 “ Go cast out devils in my name;
 “ Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 “ Tho’ Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.]
- 4 “ Teach all the nations my commands,
 “ I’m with you ’till the world shall end;
 “ All pow’r is trusted in my hands,
 “ I can destroy, and I defend.”
- 5 *He spoke, and light shone round his head,
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.*

CXXIX. *Submission and deliverance: or, Abraham offering his son, Gen. xxii. 6, &c.*

- 1 **S**AINTS, at your heav’nly Father’s word,
 Give up your comforts to the Lord;
 He shall restore what you resign,
 Or grant you blessings more divine.

- 2 So *Abrah'm*, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command ;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 3 *Abrah'm*, *ferbear*, the angel cry'd,
Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd ;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be blest'd ind.ed.
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r ;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

CXXX. *Love and hatred*, Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

- 1 **N**OW, by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 Ciamour, and wrath, and war, be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease ;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life ?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run :
So God forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear sake of *Christ* his Son.

CXXXI. *The pharisee and publican*, Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee :
One doth his right'ousness proclaim,
The other own his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows ;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting pharisee ;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

CXXXII. *Holiness and grace*, Tit. ii. 10,—13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

CXXXIII. *Love and charity*, 1 Cor. xiii. 2,—7, 19.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare ;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste ;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- [3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue ;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endure the wrong.
- 4 She nor desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time :
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbours good ;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But fairs for ever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without love, 1 Cor. xiii.*

1, 2, 3.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or, could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,
- 4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

CXXXV. *The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart,*
Eph. iii. 16, &c.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;
'Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
'The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' *Christ* his Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and hypocrisy : or. Formality in worship,* John iv. 24. Psal. cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my heart sincere :
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by grace in Christ,* 2 Tim 1. 9. 10

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting honours giv'n,
He saves from hell, (we bless his name),
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die :
He gave us grace in *Christ* his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.

- 4 *Jesus*, the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known :
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies, and in that dreadful night,
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy ;
Rising he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

CXXXVIII. *Saints in the hands of Christ*, John x.
28, 29.

- 1 **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in *Jesus*' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep :
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

CXXXIX, *Hope in the covenant : or, God's promise and
and truth unchangeable*, Heb. vi. 17.—19.

- 1 **H**OW oft hath sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God ?
But everlasting is thy love,
And *Jesus* seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace ;

Eternal Pow'r confirms the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

CXL. *A Living and a dead faith ; collected from several
Scriptures*

1 **M**ISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead :
None but a living faith unites
To *Christ* the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
'Tis faith that works by love ;
'That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r ;
'This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

[5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace :
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
 He makes our natures clean;
 Nor would he send his Son to be
 The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
 And seals our peace with God:
Jesus, and his salvation came
 By water and by blood.]

CXLI. *The humiliation and exaltation of Christ, Isa.*
 liii. 1,—5. 10,—12.

1 **W**HO has believ'd thy word,
 Or thy salvation known?
 Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
 And glorify thy Son.

2 The *Jews* esteem'd him here
 Too mean for their belief;
 Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
 And his companions grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
 And treated him with scorn;
 But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
 Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn *Jews*,
 And *Gentiles*, then unknown,
 The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
 His best beloved Son:

But I'll prolong his days,
 " And make his kingdom stand;
 " My pleasure (saith the God of grace)
 Shall prosper in his hand.

(6 " His joyful soul shall see
 " The purchase of his pain,

- “ And by his knowledge justify
 “ The guilty sons of men.]
- [7 “ Then thousand captive slaves,
 “ Releas’d from death and sin,
 “ Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
 “ And own his pow’r divine.]
- [8 Heav’n shall advance my Son
 “ To joys that earth deny’d ;
 “ Who saw the follies men had done,
 “ And bore their sins, and dy’d.”]

CXLII. *The same, Isa. liii. 6,—9,—12.*

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
 And broke the fold of God,
 Each wand’ring in a diff’rent way,
 But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wand’rings laid,
 And did at once his veng’ance pour
 Upon the Shepherd’s head !
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
 When *Christ* sustain’d the stroke !
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays
 A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
 Were taken both away ;
 Join’d with the wicked in his death,
 And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
 O’er all the sons of men,
 And make him see a num’rous seed
 To recompense his pain.

6 *I'll give him (saith the Lord)
A portion with the strong ;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honours long.*

CXLIII. *Characters of the children of God, from several scriptures.*

1 **S**O new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

[2 With inward gust their heart approves
All that the world relates ;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

[3 Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust :
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice ;
Faith, like a conqu'ror can produce
A thousand victories.]

[5 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

[6 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But, with the noblest pow'rs they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the vail ;

Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.

8 O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace !
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face !

9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne ;
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong ;
Then shall I say, *My Father God*,
With an unwav'ring tongue.

CXLIV. *The witnessing and sealing spirit*, Rom. viii.
14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1 **W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood,
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

CXLV. *Christ and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii. and ix.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of *Aaron* wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- [3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]
- [4 Their priesthood ran thro' several hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.]
- [5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But *Christ*, by his own pow'rful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.]
- 7 *Jesus*, the King of glory, reigns
On *Sion's* heav'nly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives, to intercede
Before his Father's face:

Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt thy Father's grace.

CXLVI. *Characters of Christ, borrowed from inanimate things in scripture.*

1 **G**O worship at *Immanuel's* feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

[2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]

[3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

[4 Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
'That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is *David's* root and offspring too.]

[5 Is he a rose? Not *Sharon* yields
Such fragrant in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]

[6 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to *Christ* the living vine!]

[7 Is he the Head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

- [8 Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death :
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- [9 Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross :
But the true gold sustains no loss :
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]
- [10 Is he a rock ? How firm he proves !
The rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert thro'.]
- [11 Is he a way ? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
'Till I arrive at *Sion's* hill.]
- [12 Is he a door ? I'll enter in ;
Behold the pastures large and green ;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]
- [13 Is he design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- [14 Is he a temple ? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r :
And still to his most holy place
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]
- [15 Is he a star ? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light :
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-star.]

[16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]

17 O let me climb these higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines, and reigns th' incarnate God.

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
'Till we behold him face to face.

CXLVII. *The names and titles of Christ, from several scriptures.*

[1 'TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature, can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.]

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of Kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh,
He wears a garment dipt in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The lambresents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.

- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,
 What winning titles he assumes :
 Light of the world, and life of men ;
 Nor bears these characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart
 He acts the Mediator's part ;
 A friend and brother he appears,
 And well fulfils the name he wears.
- 7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
 Divides the rebels from his friends,
 And saints in full fruition prove
 His rich variety of love.

CXLVIII. *The same as the cxlviith Psalm.*

- [1 **W**ITH cheerful voice I sing
 The titles of my Lord,
 And borrow all the names
 Of honour from his word ;
 Nature and art
 Can ne'er supply
 Sufficient forms
 Of majesty.]
- 2 In *Jesus* we behold
 His Father's glorious face
 Shining for ever bright
 With mild and lovely rays :
 'Th' eternal God's
 Eternal Son
 Inherits and
 Partakes the throne.
- 3 The sov'reign *King of kings,*
 The *Lord of Lords* most high,
 Writes his own name upon
 His garment and his thigh.

His name is call'd
The word of God ;
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry *Lamb* resents
The injuries of his love ;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar,
And tear the pray.

5 But when for works of peace
The great *Redeemer* comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes !
Light of the world,
And life of men !
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our *Immanuel's* heart,
When he descends to act
A *Mediator's* part.
He is a *friend*,
And brother too ;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord, the *Judge*,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends.
Then shall the saints
Completely prove

The heights and depths
Of all his love.

CXLIX. *The offices of Christ, from several scriptures.*

- 1 **J**OIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set *Immanuel's* glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace ?
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bare to me.
- [3 The *Angel of the covenants* stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great salvation known.
- 4 Great *Prophet*, let me bless thy name :
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.
- 5 My bright *example*, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side ;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way !]
- 6 I love my *Shepherd*, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep ;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.
- [7 My *Surety* undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws ;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My *Surety* paid the dreadful debt.
- 8 *Jesus*, my great *High-priest*, has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside ;

- His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 9 My *Advocate* appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that hell or earth can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.
- 10 My *Lord*, my *Conqueror*, and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.
- 11 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The *Captain of Salvation* leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell, obstruct the way.]
- 12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for *Christ* displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

CL. *The same as the cxlviiith Psalm.*

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My *Saviour* forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our *Redeemer* use,
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see

What forms of love
He bears to me.

[3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands :
 Commision'd from
 His Father's throne,
 To make his grace
 To mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news
 Of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd
 And peace with heav'n.

5 Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide ;
And thro' this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
 O let my feet
 Ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek
 The crooked way !

6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wan'dring soul among
The thousands of his sheep ;
 He feeds his flock,
 He calls their names,
 His bosom bears
 The tender lambs.

- 7 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My surety paid
The dreadful debt.
- 8 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.
- 9 My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell
Or sin can say
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.]
- 10 My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]
- [11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.

A feeble faint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.]

- 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe,
For Christ displays
Superior power
And guardian grace.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

B O O K II.

I. *A song in praise to God from Great-Britain.*

NATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

[2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]

[3 All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force and own his name;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours and our joys.]

[4 To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle and the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

[5 This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand:

- Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.
- 6 He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own:
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]
- 7 Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- [8 Pillars of lasting brags proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name:
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]
- 9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain, pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

II. *The death of a sinner.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll.
Damnation, and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores
She makes a long delay,
'Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.

- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
'Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love!

III. The death and burial of a saint.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that *Jesus* sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of *Jesus* lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed:

Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head ?

- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And shew'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations, under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

IV. *Salvation in the cross.*

- 1 **H**ERE, at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and light'ning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should ly ;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor *Satan* dares my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim :
Hosannah to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name

V. *Longing to praise Christ better.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of my soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross.
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's side :
- 3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith and fir'd with love ;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that *Gabriel* sings.
- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains ;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.
- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here ;
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky ;

VI. *A morning song.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
 My tongue shall speak his praise;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.
- [4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
 And I could ne'er withstand:
 Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
 But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun,
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

VII. *An evening song.*

- [1 **D**READ Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard,
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd;]
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Incompass me around;
 But O how few returns of love,
 Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd
 To save my wretched soul?
 How are my follies multiply'd,
 Fast as my minutes roll!

- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

VIII. *An hymn for morning or evening.*

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law:
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;

Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

IX. *Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **A**LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Thy body slain, sweet *Jesus*, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious suff'rer stood !
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! Grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my heart to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with carnal joys.*

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes all vain delight,
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- [4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there
To make our bliss complete.]
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There sits my Saviour drest in love,
And there my smiling God.

XI. *The same.*

- 1 **I** Send the joys of earth away,
Away ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes :
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
There will I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

XII. *Christ is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.*

- 1 **T**HE true *Messiah* now appears,
The types are all withdrawn :
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullocks slain ;
Incense and spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 *Aaron* must lay his robes away,
His mitre, and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show,
The wonders of his love ;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
- 5 *Father*, he cries, *forgive their sins,*
For I myself have dy'd ;
And then he shows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

XIII. *The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this world.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame ;
Let half the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.
- 3 Now, from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres ;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gather'd in :
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!
- 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning tear the globe below,
Saints you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

XIV. *The Lord's day : Or, Delight in ordinances.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

XV. *The enjoyment of Christ: Or, Delight in worship.*

1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear *Jesus*, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

[3 The trees of life immortal stand
In flour'ishing rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread a table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Bless'd *Jesus*, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great *Immanuel*, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen or angels known.

XVI. *Part the second.*

- 7 **L**ORD what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!
- 8 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the world calls good or great.
- 9 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.
- 10 Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coasts of perfect light:
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- [11 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow,
A drop of heav'n on worms below.
- 12 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

XVII. *God's eternity.*

- 1 **R**ISE, rise my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all my thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.

- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne :
 Or *Adam* form'd, or angels made,
 The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their prime :
Eternity's his dwelling place,
 And *ever* is his name.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
 The present and the past,
 He fills his own immortal NOW,
 And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
 And vast destruction come,
 The creatures, look, how old they grow,
 And wait their fiery doom !
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
 And flame melt down the skies,
 My God shall live an endless day,
 When th' old creation dies.

XVIII. *The ministry of angels.*

- 1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light,
 The King of glory spreads his seat,
 And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
 Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 * Go, faith the Lord, *my Gabriel*, go,
Salute the virgin's fruitful womb ;
 † *Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,*
Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.
- 3 † Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
 And thick around *Elisha* stands ;

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17.

Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,

|| And breaks the chains from *Peter's* hands.

- 4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below ;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

- 5 § Are they not all thy servants, Lord ?
At thy command they go and come :
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

XIX. *Our frail bodies, and God our preserver.*

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone :
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first ;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.
- [5 He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose.

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|| Act. xii. 7. § Heb. i. uk.

*Let blood, said he, flow round the veins,
And round the veins it flows.*

- 6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

XX. *Backslidings and returns : Or, the inconstancy of
our love.*

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight ?
Why are my thoughts no more by day,
With thee, no more by night ?
- [2 Why should my foolish passions rove ?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee ?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The favour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- [5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]
- 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so ;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go ?

[7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief:

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

[9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chace of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.]

[10 Make haste my soul to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast]

XXI. *A song of praise to God the Redeemer.*

1 **L**ET the old heathens tune their song
Of great *Diana* and of *Jove*;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold, a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell;
How black the gulph where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours giv'n;

Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

XXII. *With God is terrible majesty.*

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown:
'Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
With endless burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God?
- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
'Thus all his heav'nly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

XXIII. *The sight of God and Christ in heaven.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and bear us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,

Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all !
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

XXIV. *The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels and men.*

1 **W**HEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midst of all the throng
Satan, a tall archangel, sat,
* Amongst the morning stars, he sung,
'Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.

[3 'Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne ;
Gro'ling in fire the rebel lies :
† *How art thou sunk in darkness down,
Son of the morning, from the skies !*

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Job xxxviii. 7. † Isa. xiv. 12.

- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,
'Till sin defil'd the happy place ;
'They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.
- [5 So sprung the plague from *Adam's* bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad ;
Sin, the curst name ! that in one hour,
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief;
That such a foe should seize thy breast ;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief ;
Oh ! may he slay this treach'rous guest.
- 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

XXV. *Complaining of spiritual sloth.*

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard, the angel-bands
Come flying from above ;
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good ;

How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood !

- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts !
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

XXVI. *God invisible.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode ;
O'tis beyond a creature-mind,
'To glance a thought half way to God.
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the toplest throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above ;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praise ye him all ye his angels, Psalm cxlviii. 2.*

- 1 **G**OD ! the eternal awful name,
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.

- 2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.
- 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.
- 4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And cloaths all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.
- 5 Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.
- [6 Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right-hand of his,
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
And thunder-drove them down from bliss.]
- [7 What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of wild despair!]
- [8 Shout to your King, you heav'nly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood, when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept ye so.]
- 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let ev'ry distant nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and eternity.*

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
Converse a while with death :
'Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lips hang feebly down,
His pulse's faint and few,
'Then, speechless with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, oh, the soul that never dies !
At once it leaves the clay !
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there ;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die !
And must this soul remove ?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
'To bear it safe above !
- 6 *Jesus*, to thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust ;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
'To drop into my dust.

XXIX. *Redemption by price and power.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

XXX. *Heavenly joy on earth.*

- [1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- [4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.]
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father, and our Love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

- 6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should endless joys create.
- [8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.]
- [9 The hill of *Zion* yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's* ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

XXXI. *Christ's presence makes death easy.*

- 1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

- 4 *Jesus* can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and folly.*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life !
 How vast our souls affairs !
 Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
 To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
 Without a moment's stay :
 Just like a story, or a song,
 We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
 But we march heedless on,
 And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
 Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
 That slight the joys above !
 What chains of vengeance should we feel
 That break such cords of love !
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high,
 That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

XXXIII. *The blessed society in heaven.*

- 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
 Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
 And say, There's nought below the sun
 That's worthy of thy feet.

[2 Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above :
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3 There on a high majestic throne
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon ;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst these ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all th' realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne ;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.

[7 But, oh, what beams of heav'nly grace
Transport them all the while !
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in ev'ry smile !]

8 Jesus, and when shalt that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there ?

XXXIV. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit : Or, Fervency of devotion desired.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
O

- Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hesannabs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praise to God for creation and redemption.*

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace :
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne ;
All glory to th' UNITED THREE,
The undivided ONE.
- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame :
Salvation to the Lord !

- 4 *Hosannab* ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

XXXVI *Christ's intercession.*

- 1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone,
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down ;
If justice calls for sinners blood,
The Saviour shews his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves ;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honours sing :
Jesus, the priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.
- [5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
“ *Hosannab* to the God of grace
“ That lays his thunder by.]
- 6 “ On earth thy mercy reigns,
“ And triumphs all above ;”
But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains
To speak immortal love !
- [7 How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing !

Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King.]

XXXVII. *The same.*

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat
Where your Redeemer stays :
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring,
The priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.
- [4 Let Papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast ;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.]
- 5 *Jesus* alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne :
He (dearest Lord) perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry groan.
- [6 Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the high'st ;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his *Christ*.]

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move :
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

XXXIX. *The shortness and misery of life.*

1 **O**UR days, alas ! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too ;
Evil and few *, the Patriarch says,
And well the Patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heav'n allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on my days, in haste ;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,

O 3

* Gen. xlvii. 9.

Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

XL. Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

- 1 **O**UR God, how firm his promise stands,
Ev'n when he hides his face !
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since *Christ* and we are one ?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd ;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

XLI. A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

- 1 **U**P to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll ;
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying *Christ*,
Can make this world of guilt remove :
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove
- 3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be !
How despicable to my eyes !
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,

Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur, and thy grace.

XLII. *Delight in God.*

1 **M**Y God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand !
The courts below how amiable !
Where all thy graces stand !

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note ;
The lark mounts upward toward thy skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues :
Or, sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While *Jesus* shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing and mount on high ;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

[5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring, she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing,
 In restless circles rove ;
 Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
 When *Jesus* hides his love.]

XLIII. *Christ's sufferings and glory.*

- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
 To great *Jehovah's* equal Son!
 Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes he wore above ;
 How swift and joyful was his flight
 On wings of everlasting love.
- [3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
 He came to raise our nature high ;
 He came t'atone almighty wrath ;
Jesus the God was born to die.]
- [4 Hell and its lions roar'd around,
 His precious blood the monster spilt ;
 While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
 Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
 Th' Almighty Captive pris'ner lay ;
 Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace ;
 See what immortal glories sit
 Round the sweet beauties of his face !
- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

XLIV. *Hell: or, The vengeance of God.*

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.
- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwell,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- [3 Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]
- 5 There guilty ghosts of *Adam's* race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son:
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

XLV. *God's condescension to our worship.*

- 1 **T**HY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with *Gabriel's* songs ;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God ! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine !
Words are but air, and tongues but clay ;
But thy compassion's all divine.

XLVI. *God's condescension to human affairs.*

- 1 **U**P to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nation from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
- [2 He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word or with his rod ;
His goodness how amazing great !
And what a condescending God !]
- [3 God that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God ;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And help us bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform ;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

- 7 Oh ! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

XLVII. *Glory and grace in the person of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in *Jesus*' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands :
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at *Jesus*' name !
Ye angels dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.
- 6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face !
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of Gold !

XLVIII. *Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too ?
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and dearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

XLIX. *Moses dying in the embraces of God.*

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there :
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid ;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as *Moses* did.

- 3 Might I but climb to *Pisgab's* top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arm,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

L. Comforts under sorrows and pains.

- 1 **N**OW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And shew my name upon his heart ;
I would forget my pains a-while ;
And in the pleasure lose the smart.
- 2 But oh ! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my *Jesus* frown ;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints ?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move ;
Still on his heart he bears his taints,
And feels their sorrows, and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast,
His book of life contains my name :
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,
These letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will ;

My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

II. God the Son equal with the Father.

1 **B**RIGHT King of glory ! dreadful God !
Our spirits bow before thy seat ;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

[2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word :
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

[3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand :
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee ?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams ;
Their essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd ;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

LII. *Death dreadful, or delightful.*

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear :
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long *For ever* there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face ;
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to fear above,
Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day ;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

LIII. *The pilgrimage of the saints : Or, Earth and Heaven.*

- 1 **L**ORD ! what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No chearing fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy ?

- 2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
With dang'rous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land :
Lord ! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.
- [4 Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet ;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.]
- [5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam ;
But *Judah's* Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]
- [6 Long nights and darkness dwelt below
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.]
- [7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears
We trace the sacred road,
Thro' dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.]
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of thy ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
- [9 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come !
'There *Jesus*, the forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home !]
- 10 There on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,

And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

[11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through ;
Our tongue shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

LIV. *God's presence is light in darkness.*

1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !

2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun !
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While *Jesus* shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am his.*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

LV. *Frail life, and succeeding eternity.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !
- [2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where-e'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.]
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

LVI. *The misery of being without God in this world :
or, Vain prosperity.*

- 1 **N**O, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great,

- Tho' they increafe their golden store,
And rife to wond'rous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod :
Well, they may fearch the creature thro',
For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own ;
But death comes haft'ning on to you,
'To mow your glory down.
- 4 Yes, you muft bow your ftately head,
Away your fpirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed,
'To bear it to the fkyes.
- 5 Go now, and boaft of all your ftore,
And tell how bright you fhine ;
Your heaps of glitt'ring duft are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. *The pleasures of a good confcience.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how fecure and blefs'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd fin !
Should ftorms of earth fhake earth and fea,
'Their minds have heav'n and peace within.
- 2 The day glides fwiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And foft and filent as the fhades
'Their nightly minutes gently move.
- [3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half fo fwift away ;
Their fouls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as fummer ev'nings be.

- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Ly grov'ling in the dust below ;
Almighty grace renews our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

LVIII. *The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.*

- 1 **T**IME ! what an empty vapour 'tis !
And days how swift they are !
Swift as an *Indian* arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- [2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say *They're here* :
But only say, *They're past*.]
- [3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloath'd with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

- 6 His goodness runs an endless round :
All glory to the Lord !
His mercy never knows a bound ;
And be his name ador'd !
- 7 Thus we begin our lasting song :
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong
'Till time and nature dies.

LIX. *Paradise on earth.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings thro' ;
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- [2 Glory to God that stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When *Christ*, with all his 'graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n in earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.
- 4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs,
And ev'ry sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows ;
The rose of *Sharon* blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]

- 7 But ah ! how soon my joys decay,
 How soon my sins arise,
 And snatch'd the heav'nly scene away,
 From these lamenting eyes !
- 8 When shall the time, dear *Jesus*, when
 The shining day appear,
 That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
 And guilt and darkness here ?
- 9 Up to the fields above the skies
 My hasty feet would go,
 There everlasting flow'rs arise,
 And joys unwith'ring grow.

LX. *The truth of God the promiser : or, The promises
 are our security.*

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To him that earth's foundation laid ;
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules his people by his word,
 And there, as strong as his decrees,
 He sets his kindest promises.
- (3 Firm are the words his prophets give,
 Sweet words, on which his children live ;
 Each of them is the voice of God,
 Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them pow'rful as that sound
 That bid the new-made world go round ;
 And stronger than the solid poles
 On which the wheel of nature rolls.)
- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?
 Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?

Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

- 6 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith !
'To credit what th' Almighty saith !
'T embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.
- 7 'Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break ;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

LXI. *A thought of death and glory.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- [2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb ;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.]
- 3 Oh ! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead ;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead :
- 4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms :
- [5 How we should scorn these cloaths of flesh,
These fetters, and this load ;

And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God !]

- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

LXII. *God the Thunderer : Or, The last judgment and
hell **.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore :
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 His founding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne ;
There all his stores of lightning ly,
'Till veng'ance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunders roar along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad !
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?
He once defy'd the Lord :
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,

* Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, August the 20th,
1697.

And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

LXIII. *A funeral thought.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
“ Ye living men, come view the ground
“ Where you must shortly ly.
- 2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,
“ In spite of all your tow’rs ;
“ The tall, the wise, the rev’rend head,
“ Must ly as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure !
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more !
- 4 Grant us the pow’rs of quick’ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We’ll rise above the sky.

LXIV. *God the glory and the defence of Zion.*

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator’s grace,
Thine holy courts are his abode ;
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav’nly warriors waits ;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix’d on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage ;

Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in *Zion* dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of *Rome* and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground.
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

LXV. *The hopes of heav'n our support under trials on earth.*

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at *Satan's* rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

LXVI. *A prospect of heaven makes death easy.*

1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

- [3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the *Jesus* old *Canaan* stood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, thiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the *Canaan* that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes !

- 6 Could we but climb where *Moses* stood,
And view the landskip o'er,
Nor *Jordan's* streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

LXVII. *God's eternal dominion.*

- 1 GREAT God ! how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

- 3 Nature and time quite naked lay,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning-day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears ;
Great God ! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

LXVIII. *The humble worship of heav'n.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thy earthly courts and flee
Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasant sight ;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne.
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- [4 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
With wonder, and with love.

- 5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall :
With joy they shrink to NOTHING there,
Before th' eternal ALL.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host,
In duty and in bliss ;
While LESS THAN NOTHING I could boast,
* And vanity confess.]
- 8 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall ly ;
Thus, while I sink, my joy shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

LXIX. *The faithfulness of God in the promises.*

- [1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim *salvation from the Lord*
For wretched dying men :
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass *
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]

Q 3

- [5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfills his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, *Let the wide heav'n be spread,*
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
Abrah'm, I'll be thy God, he said,
And he was *Abrah'm's God.*
- Oh, might I hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whisper, *Thou art mine!*
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure!
I trust the All-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

LXX. *God's dominion over the sea,* Psal. cvii. 23.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a *Moses* wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly flocks amidst the sea
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

- [4 The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep ;
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears :
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]
- 6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord !
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.
- [7 What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee !
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide
- 8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves,
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.
- 9 Oh, for some signal of thine hand !
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land !
Great Judge descend, least men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

LXXI. *Praise to God from all creatures.*

- 1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right-hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame ;

From the 70th to the 108th hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the stanzas.

But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues,
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unweary'd course
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's day : Or, the resurrection of Christ.*

1 **B**LESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God ;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain ;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay,
 And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.
- [5 Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King ;
 Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
 With glad *Hosannas* ring.]

LXXIII. *Doubts scattered: Or, Spiritual joys restored.*

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone,
 And leave me to my joys ;
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
 And drown'd my head in tears,
 'Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
 Disspell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 Oh, what immortal joys I felt,
 And raptures all divine,
 When *Jesus* told me, I was his,
 And my beloved mine !
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
 And breaks my peace in vain ;
 One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
 Revives my joys again.

LXXIV. *Repentance from a sense of divine goodness: Or,
 A complaint of ingratitude.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,
 And these the thanks we owe,
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow ?

- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind !

What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !

- [3 On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays ;

For us the skies the circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

- 4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men ;

But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]

- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;

Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

- 6 Let old ingratitude

Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

LXXV. *Spiritual and eternal joy : Or, The beatific vision of Christ.*

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

- 3 There where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,

- I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages, I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet *Jesus*, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

LXXVI. *The resurrection and ascension of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloath'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread
Since our *Immanuel* rose ;
He took the tyrant's ring away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down ;
Our *Jesus* fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

- [5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his blest'd abode ;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise ;
 Let heav'n, and all created things,
 Sound our *Inimmanuel's* praise.]

LXXVII. *The Christian warfare.*

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armour on ;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
 But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
 Thy *Jesus* nail'd them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.
- [3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
 And waste the fury of his spite ?
 Eternal chains confine him down
 To fiery deeps, and endless night.
- 4 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel ?
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.]
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heav'nly gate,
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,

While all the armies of the skies,
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by Christ.*

1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood :

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign ;
Bless'd *Jesus*, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

LXXIX. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- [5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- [7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame :
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.
- 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

LXXX. *God's awful power and goodness.*

- 1 **O**H ! the almighty Lord !
How matchless is his pow'r !
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne !
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise ;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love,
Defend our *Sion* well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From *Babylon* and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above :
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

LXXXI. *Our sin the cause of Christ's death.*

1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see :
Oh, the curs'd deeds my sins have done !
What murd'rous things they be !

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore ?
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore ?

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain,

When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain ?

- 4 Forgive, my guilt, O Prince of peace,
I'll wound my God no more :
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For *Jesus* I adore.

- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God :
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
'The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

- 3 'The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

- 4 The city of my blest'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace ;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar ;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud *Hallelujahs* shall address
My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

- T**HUS saith the ruler of the skies,
Awake, my dreadful sword;
Awake, my sword, and smite the Man,
My fellow, saith the Lord.
- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And, armed, down she flies;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.
- 3 But, oh! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The same.*

- 1 **C**OME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring;
'Tis *Christ* the everlasting God,
And *Christ* the Man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.

[3 Alas ! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.

[4 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head ;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more ;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on the Father's throne ;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints and angels eyes
To everlasting days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of pardon.*

1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,
These mournful colours wear ?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair ?

- 2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise.
- 3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the depths of hell?
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase:
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
'T has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies, and our thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.*

- 1 **O**UR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.
- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we fit and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in ev'ry face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And *Jefus*, and falvation be
The close of ev'ry fong.

LXXXVII. *The divine glories above our reafon.*

1 **H**OW wond'rous great, how glorious bright,
Muft our Creator be,
Who dwells amidft the dazzling light,
Of vaft infinity !

2 Our foaring fpirits upward rife
Tow'rd thy celestial throne ;
Fain would we fee the bleffed Three,
And the almighty One.

3 Our reafon ftretches all its wings,
And climbs above the fkyes ;
But ftill how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reafon lies !

[4 Lord, here we bend our humble fouls,
And awfully adore :
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can ftretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely rife
Above our lab'ring tongue ;
In vain the higheft fcraph tries
To form an equal fong.

[6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great myfterious King,
While angels ftain their nobler pow'rs,
And fweep th' immortal ftring.]

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

- 1 **S**alvation ! Oh, the joyful sound ;
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
And cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

LXXXIX. *Christ's victory over Satan.*

- 1 **H**osanna to our conqu'ring King !
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning, from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep ;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.
- 3 *Hosanna* to our conqu'ring Kings
All hail, incarnate love !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

XC. *Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.*

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin how deep it stains !
 And *Satan* binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word ;
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
 And runs to this relief ;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord ;
 Oh ! help my unbelief.
- [4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly ;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue ;
 Drive the old Dragon from his seat,
 With all his hellish crew.]
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall :
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My *Jesus*, and my All.

XCI. *The glory of Christ in heaven.*

- 1 **O**H, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where *Jesus* sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace !

- 2 Sweet majesty, and awful love,
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- [3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice,
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around !]
- 7 This is the man, th' exalted man;
Whom we, unseen, adore ;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.
- [8 Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy blest'd abode ;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God !
- 9 And while our faith enjoys this sight
We long to leave our clay :
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

XCII. *The church saved, and her enemies disappointed.**Composed the 5th of November, 1694.*

- 1 **S**HOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye *British* skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise th' eternal King.
- 3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies,
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.
- 4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their *Babel* down.
- [5 Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice:
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.
- 6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]
- 7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.
- 8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r:

Let *Britain*, with united songs,
Almighty grace adore.

XCIIL. *God all, and in all*, Psal. lxxiii. 25.

1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

[2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where *Jesus* is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

[8 To thee my spirit fly
With infinite desire:

And yet, how far from thee I ly !
Dear *Jefus*, raife me higher.]

XCIV. *God my only happinefs*, Pfal. lxxiii. 25.

1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlafting All,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

[2 What empty things are all the fkies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deferves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

[3 In vain the bright, the burning fun
Scatters his feeble light :
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilft upon my reftlefs bed
Among the fhades I roll,
If my Redeemer fhews his head,
'Tis morning with my foul.]

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health, and fafe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee !
Or what's my fafety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?

7 Were I poffeffor of the earth,
And call'd the ftars my own ;
Without thy graces, and thy felf,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others ftretch their arms like feas,
And grasp in all the fhore,

Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

XCV. *Look on him whom they pierced and mourn.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord:
Hell and the *Jews* conspir'd his death,
And us'd the *Roman* sword.
- 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore.
- 3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the *Roman* bands,
And the more spiteful *Jews*.
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pul'd the veng'ance down,
Upon his guiltless head;
Break, break, my heart, oh, burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
'Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

XCVI. *Distinguishing love: or, Angels punished, and man saved.*

- 1 **D**OWN headlong from the native skies
The rebel angels fell,

- And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
And *Jesus* stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 Oh love of infinite degrees !
Unmeasurable grace !
Must heav'n's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race ?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher ?
- 5 Oh, for his love, let earth and skies
With *Hallelujas* ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All *Hallelujas* sing.

XCVII. *The same.*

- 1 **F**ROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd them down;
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so !
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.
- 3 To thee, to thee, almighty love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay ;
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

XCVIII. *Hardness of heart complained of.*

- 1 **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is !
How heavy here it lies ;
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice !
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant sits
Upon this flinty throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above !
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood ;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea !
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt a flint away.

XCIX. *The book of God's decrees.*

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures ly
Abas'd before their God :
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd,
He governs with a nod.

- [2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought :
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 'There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
But's found in his decrees ;
He raises monarchs to their throne,
And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays ;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness clouds my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh, may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb !

C. The presence of Christ is the life of my soul.

- 1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul *Depart* !
- 2 Lord when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast ?
For I have sought no other home ;
For I have learn'd no other rest.
- 3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face ;

And heav'n, without thy presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no ev'ning visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night ! how sad the shade !
How mournfully the minutes roll !

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood ;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

[7 *Christ* is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize ;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off ;
But they can never, never part . . .
With their dear hold of *Christ* my love.]

[9 My God ! and can a humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye ?

10 Impossible ! For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

CI. *The world's three chief temptations.*

1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,

Honour and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too !

[2 Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dang'rous snares to souls ;
They're but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice,
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew ;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

CII. *A happy resurrection.*

1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more,
But, with a cheerful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just,

3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day,

Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come :
Thy ling'ring wheels how long they stay !

[4 Our weary spirits faint to see
The sight of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

[5 Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

CIII. *Christ's commission*, John iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs ;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear *Jesus*, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When *Christ* on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry ;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls.
Accept thine offer'd grace ;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

CIV. *The same.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing, how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror cloaths his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When *Christ* was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

CV. *Repentance, flowing from the patience of God.*

- 1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive ?
And do we yet rebel ?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell !
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, *Forbear !*
And strait the thunder stays :
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace ?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin,
Our aking hearts ev'n bleed to see
What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey !
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

CVI. *Repentance at the Cross.*

- 1 **O**H, if my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.

- 3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God,
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood !
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed :
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

CVII. *The everlasting absence of God intolerable.*

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear the voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart ?*
- [3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]
- [4 What, to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die ?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly ?]
- 5 Oh ! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,

And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

6 *Jesus*, I throw my arms around
And hang upon thy breast,
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Shew me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands !

8 Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

CVIII. *Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator.*

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a feat of dreadful wrath,
And that devouring flame ;
Our God appear'd *consuming fire*,
And *Vengeance* was his name.

Rich were the drops of *Jesus'* blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

- 5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
 Are open'd by the Son;
 High let us raise our notes of praise,
 And reach th' almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
 Great Advocate on high;
 And glory to th' eternal King,
 That lays his fury by.

CIX. *The darkness of providence.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
 Th' obscure abyss of providence,
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
 In angry frowns, without a smile:
 We, thro' the cloud, believe thy grace,
 Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress
 We sail by faith, and not by sight;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Thro' all the briars, and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still we must lean upon our God,
 Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'.

CX. *Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.*

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Ly mould'ring in the clay?

- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'Tis he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To *Jefus'* dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
'Till tunes of nobler found we raise
With our immortal tongues.

CXI. *Thanksgiving for victory: Or, God's dominion,
and our deliverance.*

- 1 **Z**ION rejoice, and *Judah* sing,
'The Lord assumes his throne ;
Let *Britain* own the heav'nly King,
And make his glories known.
- 2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd ;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.
- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns ;

Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

[6 Long may the King, our sov'reign, live,
To rule us by his word;
And all the honours he can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

CXII. *Angels ministering to Christ and saints.*

1 GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, or of love.

3 His orders run through all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the *British* coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
'Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

- 5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise, and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

CXIII. *The same.*

- 1 **T**HE majesty of *Solomon*,
How glorious to behold,
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold !
- 2 But, mighty God ! thy palace shines
With far superior beams ;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.
- [3 Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And, when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies.
Behold, a heav'nly form appears,
'T' allay his agonies.]
- 5 Now to the hands of *Christ*, our King,
Are all their legions giv'n ;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heav'n.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run thro' their host,
To see a sinner turn ;
Then Satan has a captive lost,
And *Christ* a subject born.
- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends,

Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

- 8 Oh! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

CXIV. *Christ's death, victory, and dominion.*

- 1 **I** Sing my Saviour's wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.

- 2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.

- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.

- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

- 5 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

CXV. *God the avenger of his saints: Or, His kingdom supreme.*

- 1 **H**IGH as the heav'ns above the ground
Reigns the Creator, God;

Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

- 2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.
- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain ;
He calls you *Gods*, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.
- 4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just ;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.
- 5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear ;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and thanks.*

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad ?
- 2 How can I die, while *Jesus* lives,
Who rose and left the dead ?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine ;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

CXVII. *Living and dying with God present.*

- 1 **I** Cannot bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart :
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile ;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n a while.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

CXVIII. *The priesthood of Christ.*

- 1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge, the blood of *Abel* cries :
But the dear stream, when *Christ* was slain,
Speaks *peace* as loud from ev'ry vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high ;
Behold, he lays his vengeance by ;
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.
- 3 To *Jesus* let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice :
Now he appears before his God,
And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

CXIX. *The holy scriptures.*

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown :
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail :
My guide to everlasting life,
'Thro' all this gloomy vale.
- 6 Oh ! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

CXX. *The law and the gospel joined in scripture.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe ;
Amidst the smoke on *Sinai's* hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 The sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands,
The pity of his melting heart,
And veng'ance of his hands.

[4 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence ;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn *Christ* crucify'd,
And here behold his blood ;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

CXXI. *The law and gospel distinguished.*

1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe ;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been ;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once ?
But in the gospel *Christ* appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law ;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives :
The man that trusts the promise, lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and meditation.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone :
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

CXXIII. *The benefit of public ordinances.*

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat ;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore ;

- We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high ;
And pray'r bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.
- [4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some chearing word ;
We gird the gospel-armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the righteous sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.]
- 6 Father ! my soul would still abide
Within the temple, near thy side ;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

CXXIV. *Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.*

- 1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy *Sinai* given,
Or sent to men by *Moses'* hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n.
- 2 'Tis not the blood which *Aaron* spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.
- 3 *Aaron* the priest resigns his breath
At God's immediate will ;
And in the desert yields to death
Upon th'appointed hill.

- 4 And thus, on *Jordan's* yonder side,
The tribes of *Israel* stand,
While *Moses* bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.
- 5 *Isra'l* rejoice, now * *Josbua* leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest ;
So far the *Saviour's* name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

CXXV. *Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.*

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To souls that mourn the sins they've done ;
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
By faith in God's eternal Son.
- 2 Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.
- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies ;
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

CXXVI. *God glorified in the gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near ;
While pow'r and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue ;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

U

* *Joshua*, the same with *Jesus*, and signifies a Saviour.

- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace :
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in *Jesus'* face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God ;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brightest rays,
And more exalts our joys.

CXXVII. *Circumcision and baptism.*

(*Written only for those who practise the baptism of infants.*)

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of *Abrab'm* pass
Under the bloody seal of grace ;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
'Till *Christ* the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth *Jesus* prove
His Father's covenant, and love ;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant-race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God ;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.
- 4 Let ev'ry saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of *Abrab'm* praise.

CXXVIII. *Corrupt nature from Adam.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our Father, stood,
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And eat th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd ;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good ;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God ! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore,
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit ! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second *Adam* draw
His image on our hearts.

CXXIX. *We walk by faith, not by sight.*

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
'Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert thro',
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So *Abrah'm*, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

CXXX. *The new creation.*

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew :
*Behold I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.*
- 2 *Nature and sin are pass'd away,
And the old Adam dies ;
My hands a new foundation lay,
See the new worlds arise.*
- 3 *I'll be a sun of righteousness
To the new heav'ns I make,
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake.*
- 4 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free
From my old state of sin ;
Oh, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh ;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell ;
In the new world that grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

CXXXI. *The excellency of the Christian religion.*

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessings in thy word.
- [2 What if we trace the world around,
 And search from *Britain* to *Japan*,
 There shall be no religion found
 So just to God, so safe to man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon;
 With long despair the spirit breaks,
 'Till we apply to *Christ* alone.
- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
 How wise and holy thy commands!
 Thy promises how firm they be!
 How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- [5 Not the feign'd fields of *Heath'nish* bliss
 Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
 Nor does the *Turkish* paradise
 Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]
- 6 Should all the forms that men devise
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

CXXXII. *The offices of Christ.*

- 1 **W**E blest the prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit, and thy word,
 Shall lead us in thy ways.

- 2 We rev'rence our high-priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.
- 4 *Hosanna* to his glorious name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

CXXXIII. *The operations of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the furies of the mind.

CXXXIV. *Circumcision abolish'd.*

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;

*I will the God of Abrah'm be,
And of his num'rous race.*

- 2 He said, and with a bloody seal,
Confirm'd the words he spoke ;
Long did the sons of *Abrah'm* feel
The sharp and painful yoke.
- 3 'Till God's own Son descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed ;
And *Gentiles* taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of *Abrah'm* claims our praise,
His promises endure ;
And *Christ*, the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

CXXXV. *Types and prophecies of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promis'd seed !
Behold the great *Messiah* come !
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room !
- 2 *Abrah'm* the saint rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw ;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd ;
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet
To join their blessings on his head ;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

CXXXVI. *Miracles at the birth of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth ;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth !
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet !
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 *Simeon* and *Anna* both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And blest'd the Babe, and own'd his name.
- 4 Let *Jews* and *Greeks* blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn ;
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

CXXXVII. *Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive !
Behold, the dead awake, and live !
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name !
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of his Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ; the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
He rises, and appears a God :
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !

- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

CXXXVIII. *The power of the gospel.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live :
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloath'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- [4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light :
Our lust its wondrous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]
- [5 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb ;
While the wild world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;
The word that saves me doth engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

CXXXIX. *The example of Christ.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord !
I read my duty in thy word ;

But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

CXL. *The examples of Christ and the saints.*

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast):
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

*CXLI. Faith assisted by sense : Or, Preaching baptism,
and the Lord's supper.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies ;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word :
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.
- 3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
He gives his saints a place.
- 4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, that stoops so low,
To give his word a seal :
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

CXLII. *Faith in Christ our sacrifice.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
 On *Jewish* altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But *Christ*, the heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away ;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

CXLIII. *Flesh and spirit.*

- 1 **W**HAT different powers of grace and sin
 Attend our mortal state !
 I hate the thoughts that work within,
 And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
 While sin and Satan reign :
 Now raise my songs of triumph high,
 For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light,
 Till perfect day arise ;

Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace ;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

CXLIV. *The effusion of the Spirit : or, The success of
the gospel.*

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met ;
Whilst on their heads the spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame,
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And pow'r to kill and pow'r to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,
From *East* to *West*, from *South* to *North* ;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace ! my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

CXLV. *Sight through a glass, and face to face.*

- 1 **I** Love the windows of thy grace
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.
- 2 Oh, that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight !
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
These interposing days ;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

CXLVI. *The vanity of creatures : Or, no rest on earth.*

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires ;
Toft to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind :
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure this vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The creation of the world, Gen. i.*

- 1 **N**OW, let the spacious world arise,
Said the Creator Lord :
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.
- [2 Dark was the deep ; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land :
He call'd the light, the new born day
Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand ;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies ;
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth,

And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

8 *Adam* was fram'd of equal clay,
Though sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blest'd.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood ;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue ;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

CXLVIII. *God reconciled in Christ.*

1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
My *Jesus*, and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love.
Or trifle with thy blood ?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The spirit dwells with men.

3 'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find :
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind :

4 But if *Immanuel's* face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

- 5 While *Jews* on their own law rely,
 And *Greeks* of wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

CXLIX. *Honour to magistrates: or, Government from God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
 And Lord of all below,
 We mortals to thy majesty
 Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
 And bless thy providence,
 For magistrates of meaner name,
 Our glory and defence.
- [3 The crowns of *British* princes shine
 With rays above the rest,
 Where laws and liberties combine
 To make the nation bless'd.]
- 4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
 While virtue finds reward;
 And sinners perish from the land,
 By justice and the sword.
- 5 Let *Cæsar's* due be ever paid
 To *Cæsar* and his throne;
 But consciences and souls were made
 To be the Lord's alone.

CL. *The deceitfulness of sin.*

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous arts
 To practise on the mind;
 With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.

- 2 With names of virtue she deceives -
The aged and the young ;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food ;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

CLI. *Prophecy and inspiration.*

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought ;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath ;
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book ;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name, who dy'd for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;
Here I can fix my hope secure ;
This is thy word, and must endure.

CLII. Sinai and Sion, Heb. xii. ver. 18, &c.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,

- Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on *Sinai* spoke ;
- 2 But we are come to *Sion's* hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Before th' innumerable host
Of angels cloath'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to fight !
- 4 Behold the blest'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n !
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in *Christ*, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
The man that dwells where *Jesus* is,
Must be for ever blest'd.

CLIII. *The distemper, folly, and madness of sin.*

- 1 **S**IN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood :
The only balm is sov'reign grace,
And the physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death ;
But *Christ* the Lord recalls the dead,
With his almighty breath.

- 3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
 The passions burn and rage,
 'Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
 The inward fire assuage.
- [4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
 And solid good despise:
 Such is the folly of the mind,
 'Till *Jesus* makes us wise.
- 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
 We drink the pois'nous gall,
 And rush with fury down to hell;
 But heav'n prevents the fall.]
- [6 The man possess'd among the tombs,
 Cuts his own flesh, and cries:
 He foams and raves, 'till *Jesus* comes,
 And the foul spirit flies.]

CLIV. *Self-righteousness insufficient.*

- 1 “* **W**HERE are the mourners (saith the Lord)
 “ That wait and tremble at my word?
 “ That walk in darkness all the day?
 “ Come, make my name your trust and stay.
- [2 “ No works nor duties of your own
 “ Can for the smallest sin atone;
 “ † The robes that nature may provide,
 “ Will not your least pollutions hide.
- 3 “ The softest couch that nature knows,
 “ Can give the conscience no repose:
 “ Look to my righteousness, and live;
 “ Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

* Isa. l. 10. 11.

† Isa. xxviii. 20.

- 4 " Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
" With your own hands, to warm your souls,
" Walk in the light of your own fire,
" Enjoy the sparks that you desire.
- 5 " This is your portion at my hands,
" Hell waits you with her iron-bands ;
" Ye shall ly down in sorrow there,
" In death, in darknefs, and despair."

CLV. *Christ our paffover.*

- 1 **L**O, the destroying angel flies
To *Pharaoh's* stubborn land !
The pride and flow'r of *Egypt* dies
By his vindictive hand.
- 2 He pafs'd the tents of *Jacob* o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine ;
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bless'd the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break th' *Egyptian* yoke :
Thus *Isra'l* is from bondage freed,
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 *Jesus* our Passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from *Satan's* heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

CLVI. *Presumption and despair: Or, Satan's various temptations.*

- 1 **I** Hate the tempter, and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear:
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption and despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, *How easy 'tis*
To walk the road to heaven;
Anon, he swells our sins, and cries,
They cannot be forgiven.
- [4 He bids young sinners, *Yet forbear*
To think of God, or death;
For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath.
- 5 He tells the aged, *they must die,*
And 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
For they have lost their day.]
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God! cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

CLVII. *The same.*

- 1 **N**OW *Satan* comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy ;
He worries whom he can't devour
With a malicious joy.
- 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll be gone ;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
And vanquish him alone.
- 3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love ;
But the old Serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.
- 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of *Adam*, fly ;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

CLVIII. *Few saved : Or, The almost Christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.*

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shews a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller
- 2 *Deny thyself, and take thy cross,*
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

CLIX. *An unconverted state : Or, Converting grace.*

- [1 **G**REAT King of glory, and of grace !
We own with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate race,
And our first father's name.
- 2 From *Adam* flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin,
- [3 Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace ;
Engag'd in the old Serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]
- 4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well ;
With haste we run the dang'rous road
That leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restor'd !
Such natures made divine !
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

CLX. *Custom in sin.*

- 1 **L**ET the wild *leopards* of the wood
Put off the spots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers, and their lives.
- 2 As well might *Ethiopian* slaves
Wash out the darkneſs of their ſkin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgreſſors ceaſe to ſin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the leaſt controul;
None but a pow'r divinely ſtrong
Can turn the current of the ſoul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,
'That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bleſs
The wonders of creating grace.

CLXI. *Chriſtian virtues: or, The difficulty of converſion.*

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is ſtrait
That leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds miſtake, and die.
- 2 Beloved ſelf muſt be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Paſſion ſuppreſs'd, and patience try'd,
And vain deſires ſubdu'd.
- 3 Fleſh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Fleſh muſt be humbled, pride debas'd,
Leſt they deſtroy our ſouls.

- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry),
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection ly.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint ;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.]
- 6 Lord ! can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard ;
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

CLXII. *The meditation of heaven : or, The joy of faith.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil ;
'There springs of endless pleasure rise,
'The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
'The blessed Three in One :
And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.
- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart :
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings ;
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal, future things,
The present we compare !
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,

Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

CLXIII. *Complaint of desertion and temptations.*

1 **D**EAR Lord! behold our sore distress;
Our sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let thy foes be slain.

[2 The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep;
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.]

3 Must we indulge a long despair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye?

4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An advocate so near the throne,
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword
To slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, in depth, and length!
He makes his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

CLXIV. *The end of the world.*

1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes

On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies ?

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd, and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise,
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground ?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.*

1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain :
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain !

[3 My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne.]

[4 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !]

5 Great God ! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
 To give thy word success :
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.

[6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high ;
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.]

CLXVI. *The divine perfections.*

1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God,
 That infinite unknown ?
 Who can ascend his high abode,
 Or venture near his throne !

[2 The great Invisible ! he dwells
 Conceal'd in dazzling light ;
 But his all-searching eye reveals
 The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
 Survey the world around ;
 His wisdom is a boundless deep,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

[4 Speak we of strength ? his arm is strong,
 To save or to destroy ;
 Infinite years his life prolong,
 And endless is his joy.]

[5 He knows no shadow of a change,
 Nor alters his decrees ;
 Firm as a rock his truth remains,
 To guard his promises.]

[6 Sinners before his presence die :
 How holy is his name !

His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word ;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

CLXVII. *The same.*

1 GREAT God ! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy !
My lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

[2 Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne ;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

[3 His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows ?
If he command, who dare oppose ?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

[4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will ?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

[5 His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy :
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

- [6 The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light ;
Death and destruction naked ly,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]
- [7 Th' eternal law before him stands ;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.]
- [8 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away ;
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
'T' engage his justice on our side.]
- [9 Each of his words demands my faith ;
My soul can rest on all he saith ;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]
- 10 Oh, tell me, with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice !
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

CLXVIII. *The same.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels join ;
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

CLXIX. *The same as the cxlvi. Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty ;
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms,
And seals the grace.
- 3 Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs ;
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend !

I love his name,
I love his word ;
Join all my pow'rs,
And praise the Lord.

CLXX. *God incomprehensible and sovereign.*

- [1* **C**AN creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal, uncreated mind ?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell ;
And what can mortals know, or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
'Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And swells and snuffs the empty wind.]
- 4 God is a king of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne ;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does ?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole ;
He calms the tempest of the soul :
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar ?
- 6 * He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
'The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
† The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
'Tremble and start at his reproof.

* Job xi. 7, &c.

* Job xxv. 5. † Job xxvi. 11, &c.

- 7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm ;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And finites the sons of pride to death.
- 8 These are a portion of his ways ;
But who shall dare describe his face !
Who can endure his light ? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand !

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE
LORD'S SUPPER.

BOOK III.

1. *The Lord's Supper instituted, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.*

1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake:

3 *This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive, and eat the living food:*
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

[4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt ;
When for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 *Do this (he cry'd) 'Till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.*

[7 *Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.]*

II. *Communion with Christ, and with saints, 1 Cor, x.
16, 17.*

[1 *JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Comunion with their Lord.*

2 For food he gives us flesh :
He bids us drink his blood :
Amazing favour ! matchless grace
Of our descending God !]

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death .

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread ;

One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But *Jesus* is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

III. *The New Testament in the blood of Christ : Or, The
New Covenant sealed.*

1 **T**HE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good :
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name ;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine ;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own
Which *Jesus* did bequeath ;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal

IV. *Christ's dying love : Or, Our pardon bought at a dear price.*

1 **H**OW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son !
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

[2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.]

[3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne ;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood.
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers *Calvary*,
Nor lets his saints forget.

[6 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.

[7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of *Jesus'* dying love :
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record ;

And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

V. *Christ the bread of life*, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal word,
'Tis he our souls that fed :
'Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

[2 The *manna* came from lower skies,
But *Jesus* from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The *Jews*, the Fathers, dy'd at last,
Who eat the heav'nly bread ;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]

4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
Whilst *Jesus* finds supplies ;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For *Jesus* never dies.

[6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But *Christ* our life shall come ;
His irresistible pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

VI. *The memorial of our absent Lord*, John xvi. 16.
Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;

- And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face :
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood,
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.
- [6 Our eyes look upward to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come :
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

VII. *Crucifixion to the world, by the cross of Christ, Gal.*

vi. 14.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of *Christ* my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet !
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- [4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

VIII. *The tree of life.*

- [1 **C**OME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.
- 2 When once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food !]
- 3 The tree of life, that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.
- [4 Hov'ring amongst the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial Dove,
And *Jesus* on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]
- [5 'Tis a young heav'n of strange delight,
While in his shade we sit ;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste is sweet.

6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And chears the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all *Eden's* trees:
'There's ne'er a plant in all that land
'That bears such fruit as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wond'rous hand has made
'This living branch of sov'reign pow'r,
'To raise and heal the dead.

IX. *The spirit, the water, and the blood,* 1 John v. 6.

[1 **L**ET all our tongues be one,
'To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
'To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

[4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

- 6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfil his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.
- 8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water, and by blood ;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.
- 9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal'd my Saviour's love.
- [10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart ;
Great Comforter ! abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

X. *Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God.*

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines :
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- [3 Here his whole name appears complete ;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]

- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
'To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
- 5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our senses.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place,
Where *Jesus* spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
Where *Jesus* says, that *I am his*,
And my Beloved's mine.
- 3 Here, (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side),
See here the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I dy'd!
- [4 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:
All this, says he, I bore for thee,
And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this!

He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

[6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be founded all abroad ;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]

[7 To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.]

XII. *The gospel-feast*, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

- [1 **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord !
Thy table furnish'd from above !
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thine antient family, the *Jews*
Were first invited to the feast :
We humbly take what they refuse,
And *Gentiles* thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh !
But, at the gospel-call, we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]
- [5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'ers back to God !

6 It cost him death to save our lives ;
 To buy our souls, it cost his own ;
 And all the unknown joys he gives
 Were bought with agonies unknown .

7 Our everlasting love is due
 To him that ransom'd sinners lost ;
 And pity'd rebels, when he knew
 The vast expence his love would cost.]

XIII. *Divine love making a feast, and calling in the
 guests : Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
 With *Christ* within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores ?

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
 With soft compassion rolls,
 Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
 Is food for dying souls.

[3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
 Join t' admire the feast,
 Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
 " Lord, why was I a guest ?

4 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 " And enter while there's room ;
 " When thousands make a wretched choice,
 " And rather starve than come ?"]

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in :
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.

[6 Pity the nations, O our God !
 Constrain the earth to come ;

Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

XIV. *The song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28: Or, A sight
of Christ makes death easy.*

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die, as *Simeon* wou'd,
With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
"Our souls still willing to be gone,
"And, at thy word, depart in peace.
- 3 "Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
"And view'd salvation with our eyes,
"Tasted and felt the living word,
"The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 "Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
"Hast set his blood before our face,
"To teach the terrors of thy name,
"And shew the wonders of thy grace.
- 5 "He is our light, our morning-star
"Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
"The glory of thine *Israel* here,
"And joy of spirits near thy throne."

XV. *Our Lord Jesus at his own table.*

- [1 **T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:

- How rich he spread his royal board,
And blest'd the food, and sung.
- 2 Happy the man that eats this bread,
But doubly-blest'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith, the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on *Jesus'* breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.]
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies
Hither the King descends !
" Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)
" And drink salvation, friends.
- [5 " My flesh is food and physic too,
" A balm for all your pains :
" And the red streams of pardon flow
" From these my pierced veins."]
- 6 *Hosanna* to his bounteous love !
For such a feast below !
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.
- [7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest !
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

XVI. *The agonies of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine ;
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

- 2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love ;
Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.
- 3 Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board ;
And back to *Calvary* she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.
- 4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew ;
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.
- 5 But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear :
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd, and wrought
The wonders of that day :
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise ;
Yes, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

XVII. *Incarnable food ; Or, The flesh and blood of Christ.*

[1 **W**E sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs ;
Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.

- 2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood ;

We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.]

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things ;
Earth has no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had *Adam* fought,
And search'd his garden round ;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food :
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

7 Come all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King ;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored *Christ* :
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim
His glory in the high'st.

XVIII. *The same.*

1 **J**ESUS ! we bow before thy feet ;
Thy table is divinely stor'd ;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread ; we thank thee, Lord !

- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood ;
We thank thee, Lord : 'tis generous wine,
Mingled with love ; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food :
In vain we search the world around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can, at best,
But cheer the heart, or warm the head ;
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.
- 5 Joy to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless ;
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud *Hymna* round the place.

XIX. *Glory in the cross : Or, Not ashamed of Christ crucified.*

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
Thy blood like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd ;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

- 4 With joy we leave the scoffing age,
 He that was dead has left his tomb,
 He lives above their utmost rage,
 And we are waiting till he come.

XX. *The provisions for the table of our Lord: or,
 The tree of life, and river of love.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
 And sing the solemn feast,
 Where sweet celestial dainties stand
 For ev'ry willing guest.
- 2 The tree of life adorns the board
 With rich immortal fruit,
 And ne'er an angry flaming sword
 To guard the passage to't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
 The fountain flows above,
 And runs down streaming for our use,
 In rivulets of love.]
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
 'The pleasure's well refin'd;
 They spread new life through ev'ry heart,
 And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
 Ye saints that taste his wine;
 Join with your kindred saints above,
 In loud *Hesannas* join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God
 That gives such joy as this;
Hesanna! let it sound abroad,
 And reach where *Jesus* is.

XXI. *The triumphant feast for Christ's victory over sin
and death, and hell.*

- [1 **C**OME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 *Jesus*, the God, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]
- [3 *Jesus*, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]
- 4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And oh! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear!
- 5 "For you, the children of my love,
"It was for you I dy'd;
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my side.
- 6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.
- [7 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
"And plung'd it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting smart.
- 8 "When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs
"Stood dreadful in my way,

- “ To rescue those dear lives of yours,
 “ I gave my own away.
- 9 “ But while I bled, and groan’d, and dy’d,
 “ I ruin’d Satan’s throne ;
 “ High on my cross I hung, and spy’d
 “ The monster tumbling down.
- 10 “ Now you must triumph at my feast,
 “ And taste my flesh and blood,
 “ And live eternal ages blest’d,
 “ For ’tis immortal food.”
- 11 Victorious God ! what can we pay
 For favours so divine ?
 We would devote our hearts away
 To be for ever thine.]
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
 The tribute of our tongues ;
 But themes so infinite as these
 Exceed our noblest songs.

XXII. *The compassion of a dying Christ.*

- 1 **O**UR spirits join t’adore the Lamb :
 Oh, that our feeble lips could move
 In strains immortal as his name,
 And melting as his dying love !
- 2 Was ever equal pity found ?
 The Prince of heav’n resigns his breath,
 And pours his life out on the ground,
 To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker’s laws ;
 He from the threat’nings sets us free,
 Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
 And nail’d the curses to the tree.]

- [4 The law proclaims no terror now,
And *Sinai's* thunder roars no more ;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.
- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood :
Bless'd fountain ! springing from the veins
Of *Jesus*, our incarnate God.]
- 6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine :
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and glory by the death of Christ.*

- [1 **S**ITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath ;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]
- 2 We see the blood of *Jesus* shed,
Whence all our pardons rise ;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns :
Our highest gain springs from thy loss :
Our healing from my wounds.
- 4 Oh ! tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and strength from Christ.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
 To see thy glories shine ;
 The Lord will his own table bless,
 And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
 We drink the sacred cup :
 With outward forms our sense is fed,
 Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne
 Of our forgiving God,
 Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
 And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,
 And climb the upper sky ;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
 He bought a large supply.
- [5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
 For joy becomes a feast ;
 We love the mem'ry of his name
 More than the wine we taste.]

XXV. *Divine glories and graces.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd.
 Great God how bright they shine,
 While at thy word we break the bread,
 And pour the flowing wine !
- Here thy revenging justice stands,
 And pleads its dreadful cause ;
 Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
 Like Jesus on the cross.

- 3 Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great sacrifice ;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heav'n directs her sight ;
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy ;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin for ever die ;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.
-

I Cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these divine hymns, 'till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman church, and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noble parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity; which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of Christian worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain version, or a lar-

ger paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another hymn. I have added also a few Hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.

A song of praise to the ever-blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

XXVI. 1st Long Metre.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Father, and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
The sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

XXVII. 1st Common metre.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

XXVIII. 1st *Short metre.*

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who brought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light and power, and grace convey
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three,
That seal this grace in heav'n,

The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

XXIX. 2d *Long Metre.*

1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence one, in person three,
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd,
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

XXX. 2d *Common metre.*

1 **T**HE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.

2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

XXXI. 2d *Short metre.*

1 **L**ET God the Maker's name
Have honour, love, and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

XXXII. 3d *Long metre.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n,

XXXIII. *Or thus:*

ALL glory to thy word'rous name,
 Father of mercy, God of love;
 Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
 And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

XXXIV. 3d *Common metre.*

NOW let the Father and the Son
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

XXXV. *Or thus:*

HONOUR to thee, almighty Three,
 And everlasting One;
 All glory to the Father be,
 The Spirit, and the Son.

XXXVI. 3d *Short metre.*

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, love the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

XXXVII. *Or thus :*

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

XXXVIII. *A song of praise to the blessed Trinity.*
The 1st as the cxlviiith Psalm.

- 1 **I** GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above :
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe :
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

- 4 Almighty God ! to thee
 Be endless honours done,
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One :
 Where reason fails,
 With all her pow'rs,
 Their faith prevails,
 And love adores.

XXXIX. *The 2d as the cxlviii Psalm.*

- 1 **T**O Him that chose us first,
 Before the world began ;
 To Him that bore the curse,
 To save rebellious man ;
 To Him that form'd
 Our hearts anew,
 Is endless praise
 And glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run
 Thro' our immortal songs ;
 We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues :
 Our lips address
 The Spirit's name
 With equal praise,
 And zeal the same.
- 3 Let ev'ry saint above,
 And angel round the throne,
 For ever bless and love
 The sacred Three in One.
 Thus heav'n shall raise
 His honours high,
 When earth and time
 Grow old and die.

XL. *The 3d as the cxlviiith Psalm.*

TO God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honours raise;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise:
 And while our lips
 Their tribute bring,
 Our faith adores
 The name we sing.

XLI. *Or thus:*

TO our eternal God,
 The Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all divine,
 Three mysteries in One,
 Salvation, pow'r,
 And praise be given
 By all on earth,
 And all in heav'n.

The HOSANNA; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

XLII. *Long metre.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to King David's Son,
 Who reigns on a superior throne;
 We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
 Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
 In this delightful work engage:
 Old men and babes in *Sion* sing
 The growing glories of her King.

XLIII. *German metre.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of grace,
 Sit, behold thy King;
 Proclaim the Son of David's race,
 And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 *Hysanne* to th' incarnate Word,
 Who from the Father came;
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
 With blessings on his name.

XLIV. *Short metre.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Son
 Of David, and of God,
 Who brought the news of pardon down,
 And bought it with his blood.
- 2 'To *Christ* th' anointed King
 Be endless blessings giv'n;
 Let the whole earth his glory sing,
 Who made our peace with heav'n.

XLV. *As the extant Psalms.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the King
 Of David's ancient blood;
 Behold he comes, to bring
 Forgiving grace from God:
 Let old and young
 Attend his way,
 And at his feet
 Their honours lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,
 Salvation to the Lamb;

Let earth, and sea, and sky
His wondrous love proclaim ;
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him blest.

A TABLE,

T A B L E,

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE TITLE OR CONTENTS
OF IT.

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The figures direct to the hymn. If you find not what hymn you
seek under one word of the title, seek it under another, or by
some word that is of the same signification, though perhaps not
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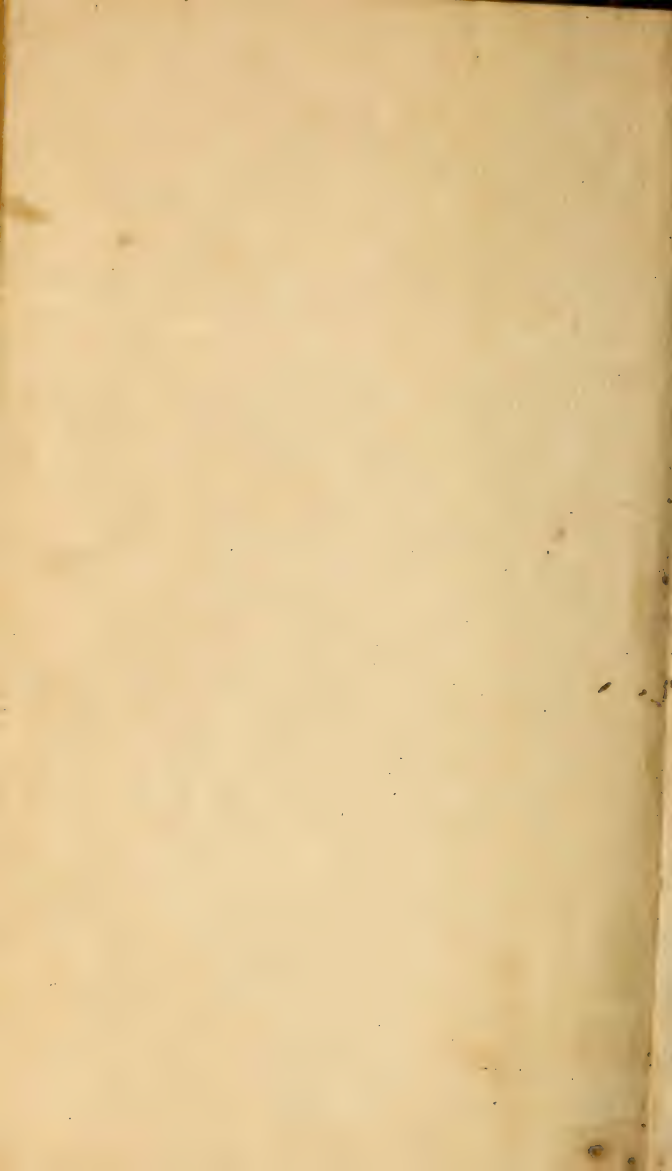
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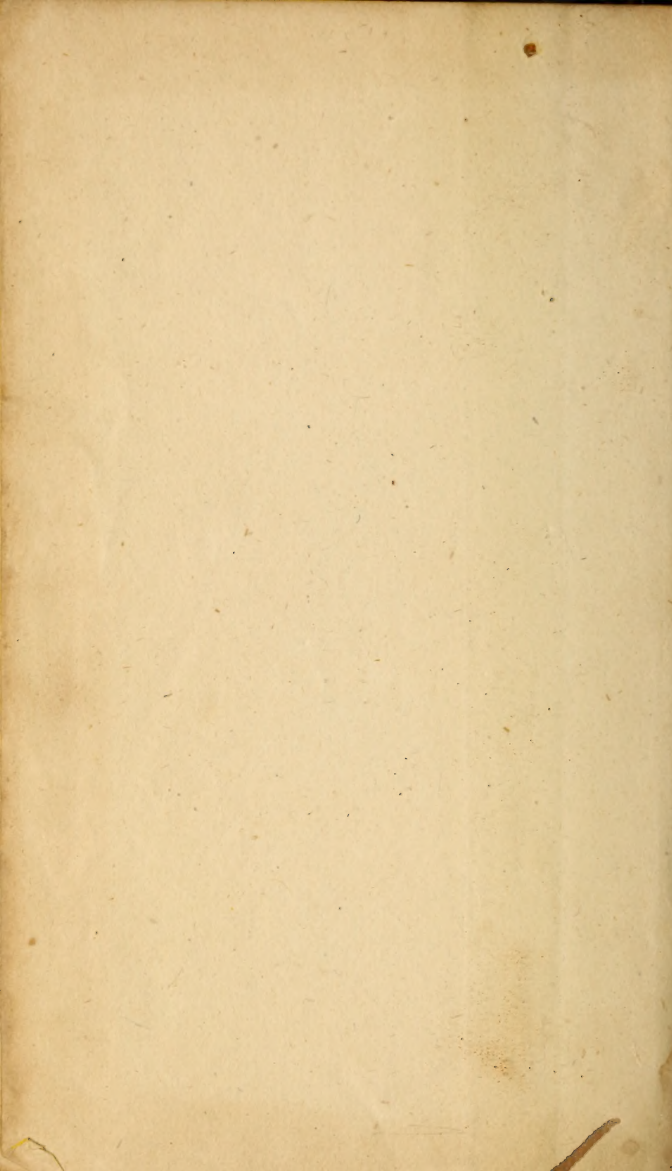
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